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THE SUSPENSORY BILL.

IT is a curious illustration of the present state of feeling in the House of Commons, and to some degree in the public generally, that something of relief and even of surprise was experienced when it became known that the Ministry had advised the QUEEN to assent to the prayer of the Address. It was suspected, in a vague, timid way, that the QUEEN might be recommended to interpose her prerogative, and so cut short all further discussion this Session about the Irish Church. Obviously, to have advised this would have been a most violent, dangerous, and unconstitutional step for a Ministry to take. It is not for the QUEEN to stop any proceeding in Parliament which the House of Commons wishes to make the foundation of a Bill. It is not for a Ministry in a minority, and hanging on, as the expressive phrase goes, "by their eyelids" to office, to catch at such a perilous contrivance for reducing their opponents to silence. But still it was a relief to very many members to know that there was not to be a quarrel between the House of Commons and the Crown, and a fierce attack on the Ministry, and a sudden dissolution, and all the nuisance and expense of an election. That none of these things ought to be was certain, but it was not so certain that they would not be. There is a general feeling that Mr. DISRAELI is capable of doing anything, and that it is hard to prevent him from doing anything he pleases to do. It was because a denial of the prayer of the Address would have been unwise, unconstitutional, and unfair, that it was thought Mr. DISRAELI would like to try whether he could not venture on it. The British public, or at any rate that part of it which is identified with the majority in the House of Commons, feels a little as if it were Mrs. LYON, and as if dear DANIEL had got a power over it which it sees through and resents, but to which it succumbs. Now there is a good deal of nonsense in this, we venture to think. Mr. DISRAELI has, up to this point, made a very poor PREMIER, but then he has had great difficulties to contend with. Of all burdensome duties, to such a man the duty of defending the Irish Church must be the most unwelcome. To attack it would be so easy, so natural to him; he could do it so splendidly and so successfully. If he had but had the luck in life to have been retained for the other side, he would have been so thoroughly in his element. There must be something comic, even to himself, in the thought that he, of all men, on such a subject, should have to speak the thoughts of Mr. NEWDEGATE and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY. Not knowing what to do, he has acted and written and spoken wildly, foolishly, and at random. He has tried everything he could think of—No-Popery, Down with the Ritualists, Long live our Protestant QUEEN—but he has made no way. Foolish as Englishmen are, they are not quite such fools as he takes them for. But when all this is said, it is absurd to go further, and to see some uncommonly dark and wicked design in the com-monest thing he does. He is simply a man hard driven, and driven, as he thinks, much more hardly than he deserves to be. He is not going to give up his office, which has cost him a great deal to attain, unless he is fairly forced out of it. But there is no sign that he wishes to trick or delude the House. It is supposed that he is trying by very cunning management to get the new election put off till next year, while he pretends to be anxious to have it this year. But this is a perfectly gratuitous supposition. It cannot be said that there is any Bill he has put off, any discussion he has wantonly lengthened, or any manoeuvre to gain time that he has executed. He probably never hesitated a moment as to what answer he should advise the QUEEN to give to the Address, for, if nothing else could make his path clear before him, there was the obvious consideration that he had very much more to lose than to gain by advising the QUEEN wrongly.

The Suspensory Bill adds nothing to the Resolutions. It only provides that until the end of the first Session of

the new Parliament no fresh appointments shall be made in the Irish Church. This is a strong measure, it must be confessed; but it is not stronger than the Resolutions warranted. Its very use and purpose is to be so far a strong measure that it will give Ireland an undeniable pledge that we mean, if possible, to do her justice. There seems to be no reason why the House of Commons should not accept it almost without discussion, unless any one can show that its provisions do more than the passing of the Resolutions makes it fair they should do. There is really no time now for perfectly idle discussions, and it is the duty of the Ministry to do all it possibly can to discourage debates on the several readings of the Bill. It is astonishing how very slowly the House of Commons gets on with the necessary work of the Session. It will ramble off into subjects which are now of no practical importance whatever. On Wednesday half a sitting was taken up with a discussion about the decimal system in weights and measures, which has about as much to do with the present business of the House of Commons as a discussion on Chinese metaphysics. It seems as if we should never get at the Irish and Scotch Reform Bills, and it is not yet settled who shall frame them. It is said that the drawing of the Irish Bill is to be entrusted to Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, and that the Government is now thinking of acceding to a proposal to take away ten English seats and give them to Scotland. Whether there is any truth in either of these statements it would not be safe to guess; but at any rate both point to something that is very true, and that is, that the Government cannot pretend to exercise any control whatever over the House when it is dealing with these Bills. Then there is the Boundary Bill and the Bribery Bill, so that there are altogether four supplementary measures of Reform which must be taken in hand. It is not to be supposed that any consideration of this sort will weigh with Mr. NEWDEGATE or Colonel KNOX. They must have their say, and must be suffered to denounce the Suspensory Bill as freely and as frequently as they like. But the large body of members who are anxious that the House should not stultify itself may be expected to do all they can to pass the Bill as quickly as possible through all its stages. If there were any chance of successful opposition, or if there were any question fairly arising out of the Bill with which the House has not already dealt by its Resolutions, this discussion would be perfectly justifiable. But merely to say what at the present moment must be ineffectual, and to go on saying it after the House by passing the Resolutions has decided that there is nothing in it worth attending to, is a lamentable waste of public time, and one which, so far as prevention is possible, ought to be sedulously prevented.

What is to become of the Bill in the House of Lords is a very different thing. Debates on it there, and very full and exhaustive debates, would be altogether in place. The Lords have got nothing else to do, and so they cannot be accused of wasting time by attending to it. The Peers have as yet had no opportunity of delivering their sentiments on the Irish Church, and it must be owned that there is a great opening for a Peer to come out strongly on the subject, and make a name. It was several times remarked that no speaker in the House of Commons ever offered anything that could be called an argument for the Irish Church. They all said, not that it was good or useful in itself, or fulfilled in any way the purpose of an Established Church, but that, if we allowed it to fall, its ruin would injure us. It was to be kept up purely for the sake of the English Church. Here is a brilliant opening for the Peers. If any one of them can hit on the missing argument, and show why the Irish Church, regarded only for itself and in itself, ought to continue, he will make himself famous in a single day. The majority of the Upper House is strongly in favour of keeping up the Irish Church. We presume that no one doubts that.

Two-thirds of the Peers hate the notion of disestablishing the Irish Church as much as they hated the Reform Bill of last year, and that is saying much. Some day or other they know perfectly well they will have, if the temper of the House of Commons continues as it is now, to do with regard to the Irish Church as they did with regard to Reform. They will have to say good-bye to the Irish Bishops who sit among them in so very harmless and unostentatious a manner, and they will have to pass whatever measure for disestablishment and disendowment the Commons send up to them. But at present they may have their fling. They may speak and argue and vote against the Suspensory Bill. We confess we think it asking too much to ask that they should pass the Bill. It might be wiser to pass it; it might be better not to take the responsibility of opposing the Commons on such a measure; it might be prudent not to court ultimate defeat by winning a present victory. But it is beyond human nature for the Peers to let such an opportunity slip of showing their dislike to what they dislike so heartily as any plan for clearing away the Irish Church. They can act safely now in the matter, and very probably they may never be able to act safely again. The Bishops more especially will scarcely be able to refrain from using their power on this occasion, and from enjoying the use of it. It will also be a very great comfort, a new and very pleasant sensation, after all they went through last Session, for the Conservative peers to vote as they wish to vote. They will feel, when they give a decisive vote against the Suspensory Bill, as THEODORE's captives must have felt when he knocked off their fetters. Their presiding genius will this time be one of the hottest combatants on their side, instead of putting a damper on all their warmest feelings, and making them take a leap with him in the dark. Nor are we sure that, if the subject is fairly regarded from their point of view, it would be wise for them to pass the Suspensory Bill. It would avoid a collision of the Houses, and the disagreeable necessity of ultimate submission on their part; but then it would be virtually giving up the whole game at once. If the Lords passed the Suspensory Bill, there would be scarcely any opportunity of going back. As Mr. GLADSTONE explained, the very object of the Bill is to make every one feel at the next election that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was no longer an open question, that it had been resolved once for all that it should be disestablished, and that all that remained was to decide how the process was to be practically carried out. The Ministry and their supporters say that at present no decision of the sort has been come to, except by the Commons, and they say that no such decision ought to be come to by Parliament generally, because the present House of Commons entirely misrepresents the nation. The Peers are, it cannot be doubted, on the side of the Ministry, and they will naturally wish to support the Ministry, and give what confirmation they can to its statements by rejecting a Bill expressly intended to commit the whole Legislature to an opinion which, as Mr. DISRAELI tells them, the majority of the nation is prepared boldly to repudiate.

LORD BROUHAM.

THE numerous essays on the life and character of Lord BROUHAM which have been published during the present week exhibit a remarkable concert of opinion. The vigour and versatility of his intellect in the prime of life corresponded with the restless activity of his temperament, and with the qualities and defects of a character which suggested astonishment rather than admiration. Impatience of obscurity and repose injured his reputation by tempting him to linger too long on the public stage among the descendants of his contemporaries and rivals. It was by his own fault that the formidable orator of the House of Commons and the Bar became associated in the general mind with the prosy commonplace of Social Science meetings; yet the faults of his interminable lectures on things in general were of the same kind with the imperfections of his earlier speeches and of his voluminous writings. Excessive copiousness of language had formerly been redeemed by force and impetuosity, but in old age diffuse abundance alone remained. The deficiency of tact and reserve which diminished his personal influence showed itself, in his oral and literary compositions, in a want of grace and finish. The triumphs of eloquence are for the most part ephemeral, and, from default of style and originality, not one of Lord BROUHAM's works will survive him; yet the performances of his maturity were considerable enough to sustain his reputation during the long

interval of decline between his retirement from office and his death. Although he was a powerful advocate, he never attained at the Bar the eminence of SCARLETT and of FOLLET, probably because he possessed neither their subtlety of intellect nor their instinctive knowledge of human nature. Ostentatious eloquence is persuasive only when the prejudices of the audience are already enlisted on the side of the speaker; and notwithstanding Lord BROUHAM's paradoxical exaggeration of the duty of an advocate to his client, he probably never addressed a Court or a jury without a collateral desire to display his own ability in winning his cause. A more perfect forensic artist not only conceals, but actually forgets, his art. The greatest of his professional achievements was his defence of Queen CAROLINE, nor could he have wished for a more favourable opportunity of exercising his peculiar faculties. Supported by popular sympathy, and enjoying the pleasure of unlimited publicity, he was advocating a cause which was substantially, though negatively, just, and at the same time he was not perplexed by any doubt of the guilt of his client. The championship of injured innocence would have been a more anxious and delicate task. It was the business of the QUEEN'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL to insist that the imputed crime should be legally proved, to browbeat and embarrass the witnesses, and to discourage the absent prosecutor by implied menaces, and by merited taunt and invective. The defence was conducted with remarkable judgment, and BROUHAM's great speech to the House of Lords approaches more nearly than any of his other efforts to the masterpieces of the consummate Greek orator whom he affected to imitate.

In the House of Commons his position was exceptional, for while he was by far the most conspicuous member of the Whig party, he was never accepted as its leader. Aristocratic traditions had something to do with the tacit exclusion of the formidable intruder, but later experience proved that the jealousy displayed by the party managers was not without excuse. The Whigs must have been strongly tempted to welcome the alliance of an indefatigable supporter who contended on equal terms with CANNING; and yet they were content to be represented by PONSONBY, by TIERNEY, and by Lord ALTHORPE for five-and-twenty years after the succession of the second Lord GREY to his earldom. The most amusing article in the *New Whig Guide* is PEEL's "Trial of HENRY BROUHAM" for calling his lawful leader, GEORGE PONSONBY, an old woman, and for otherwise treating him with disrespect. No charge could probably have been better founded, as no offence could be more excusable than BROUHAM's disregard of the conventional rules of subordination; but it was in a great measure by his own fault that he was persistently excluded from the office of leading his party. In some respects the disappointment of his ambition tended to the increase of his reputation, and to the public advantage; for, as he was forced to occupy a comparatively isolated position, he devoted himself to many questions beyond the range of ordinary politics. He associated himself with WILBERFORCE in the struggle for the abolition of slavery; he denounced the abuses of the law; and he forced on the attention of Parliament the need of a system of popular education. His exertions produced little immediate effect, for he was not even heartily supported by his own political associates, and the policy of resistance was maintained by a compact Ministerial majority; but his speeches, his motions, and his Committees contributed to the improvements which were afterwards effected. When the accession of WILLIAM IV. and the French Revolution of 1830 at last opened the doors of power to the Whigs, BROUHAM had attained a reputation in the country, and a personal ascendancy in the House of Commons, which enabled him to negotiate on equal terms with the dispensers of office. Lord GREY's distrust was shown by the almost insulting offer of the Attorney-Generalship to the first of Parliamentary orators and the most popular of living politicians. The reply that a Reform Bill, already announced, would certainly be brought forward in a few days, extorted from the unwilling Minister the offer of the great place of Chancellor. It is on the whole desirable that Cabinets should consist of all the principal members of the dominant party, without reference to the wishes or private opinions of the leaders who organize a new Ministry; but the result showed that Lord GREY and his confidential advisers had not miscalculated the inconvenience of introducing into their inmost circle the most uncongenial of colleagues.

From the time of his appointment as Chancellor, Lord BROUHAM attempted to make for himself a separate position as the ostensible advocate of independent councils and of a daring policy; and during the struggle of the Reform

Bill he was regarded by ill-informed admirers as the real chief of the Ministry. He even attempted to cultivate the unwonted arts of a courtier, and he persuaded himself, in direct contradiction of the facts, that he had become a personal favourite of the KING. His abortive aspirations were curiously recorded in the imaginary narratives which he afterwards imposed on the excusable credulity of some of the annalists of the time. Mr. ROBBUCK, writing sixteen or seventeen years after the introduction of the Reform Bill, naturally assumed that Lord BROUGHAM must have recollected the minute details of his supposed victory over Lord GREY's hesitating timidity. His success in frightening the KING into an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and his audacious order to the Guards to be ready with their escort, were reported on authority which might well be deemed sufficient; and yet the present Lord GREY has clearly proved that the CHANCELLOR's exploits were as fabulous as the self-immolation of the crew of the *Vengeur*, or as the heroic protest of CAMBONNE. Mythical stories generally require a longer time for their development; but Lord BROUGHAM, reflecting on the dreams which he had cherished, persuaded himself within a few years that they had been realized, and that he had occupied the centre of the historical picture of Reform. Lord GREY had in truth been the trusted counsellor of the Sovereign, and the head of a Cabinet which followed him with perfect loyalty and confidence. It was to the PRIME MINISTER, and not to the duumvirate including the CHANCELLOR, that the KING in 1832 reluctantly conceded the power to swamp the House of Lords by new creations. When Lord GREY retired from office in the summer of 1834, Lord MELBOURNE was unwilling or afraid to dismiss the vigorous and versatile CHANCELLOR; but within three months Lord BROUGHAM's vanity and reckless imprudence exploded the Whig Ministry, producing at the same time an irreparable breach between himself and the party by which he had never been heartily adopted. The wild and boastful speeches of the CHANCELLOR during a political tour in Scotland brought to a climax the antipathy with which WILLIAM IV. had long regarded him; and it was chiefly to get rid of Lord BROUGHAM that the KING suddenly dismissed the Ministry, on the frivolous pretext of Lord ALTHORP's elevation to the House of Lords. Lord BROUGHAM was perhaps unjustly accused of writing a paragraph, which appeared the next morning in the *Times*, to the effect that "the QUEEN had done it all."

The Whig leaders never forgave the offences of their former colleague, or the political disaster which he had caused. During the four-and-thirty years of the remainder of his life Lord BROUGHAM was not readmitted to their councils; and he gradually inclined to the party of the Duke of WELLINGTON and Sir ROBERT PEEL, who carefully abstained from forming too close a connexion with their dangerous convert. Few persons have completed a conspicuous career so habitually alone. From his first entrance into Parliament to his late retirement from public life Lord BROUGHAM never found a leader, a political friend, or a follower to trust and to support him. All statesmen and all parties kept him at a distance, and their unconscious unanimity proves that they were in the right. There was a certain generosity in Lord BROUGHAM's advocacy of causes in which he had no special interest, but he was essentially an egotist in his political relations. Dislike and suspicion, universal and long-continued, justify themselves. It was not doubted that Lord BROUGHAM's exertions were often useful and even patriotic, but it was impossible to rely on his cordial co-operation. The collapse of his importance after he left the House of Commons, and after his fall from office, produced lifelong disappointment. It was impossible that he should again become a political leader or a popular idol; but as time passed on, and as a new generation advanced, a kindly sympathy was felt for the celebrated orator and agitator who had subsided into an ornamental philanthropist. At public meetings, and in newspaper articles, Lord BROUGHAM's services to law reform and to education were freely recognised, and often excusably overrated. He had lived through an era of beneficent change, and it would have been harsh to examine too closely his share in reforms which he had recommended when they might well have seemed hopeless proposals. His wide range of attainments showed the activity of his mind, and his multifarious writings gave him a certain rank in literature, although his taste was measured by his preference of DARWIN'S *Botanic Garden* to all other modern poetry. Although he was neither a statesman nor a great author nor a great man, Lord BROUGHAM's oratorical power, his energy, and his faculty of acquiring knowledge, collectively almost entitled him to the rank of a man of genius. He

attained unbounded notoriety, if he fell short of genuine fame, and his comparative failure in life was caused by faults of character rather than by intellectual defects.

THE BOUNDARY BILL.

EVEN those who are most opposed to the Government must acknowledge that in the matter of the Boundary Bill they have behaved with perfect fairness to the House of Commons and to the country. It is true that there was a little nonsense originally in the manner in which the subject of boundaries was introduced by MR. DISRAELI to the consideration of the House. He spoke after his fashion, and hinted that some great secret lay in the revision of boundaries, and that it was to have a sort of magical effect upon the operation of the Reform Bill. This secret, like other grand secrets of the same magician, turns out to be moonshine. The Boundary Bill, even if passed exactly as presented to the House, would, according to the acknowledgment of men of all parties, produce no perceptible results at all on the general issue of an election. No party interests are involved. But the House settled last year that there was to be a Boundary Bill, and it also settled that the revision of boundaries should mean the enlargement, and in no case the contraction, of boroughs. This was not at all logical, and in theory was wholly indefensible. If it is desirable to take into a town for Parliamentary purposes all that in the real operations of daily life is included in that town, it is equally desirable to exclude from towns those slices of adjacent counties which have been thrown into the area of some petty decaying boroughs in order to give them a spurious title to exist. But the House sanctioned the proposal of the Government, and it was decided that no reductions were to be made. Commissioners were appointed by the House itself, and not by the Government; and not only were they men perfectly well fitted to the task, but, so far as they represented shades of political opinion, they belonged rather to the Opposition than to the party in power. These Commissioners were allowed themselves to appoint their assistants, on whom the burden of local inquiries chiefly rested, and the gentlemen appointed were as fit men, worked as hard, and set about their business in as intelligent a manner, as any men that could have been found. The result of the inquiries and decisions of the Commissioners was put by the Government into the shape of a Bill, without any alteration whatever, so that the Bill is really the Bill of the Commissioners, not of the Government. Naturally, the Government wished to stand by the Bill as it was thus brought in; and if they had been a strong Government they would have had their way, and all opposition would have been silenced on the ground that the Commissioners acted as the referees of the House, and their decision must be taken to be final. But the Government is very far from being a strong Government, and therefore, when the House manifested a wish to control the operation of the Bill, the Government gave way at once. It is true they had not much choice. A Government in a minority must do as it is bid. But a Government in a minority may submit with a good grace or a bad grace, and on this occasion the Government submitted with a very good grace. It accepted the only possible mode of extricating the House from the difficulty of dealing with a subject of infinite details. MR. DISRAELI agreed that a Committee should be appointed by the House, and should sit from day to day until it had completed its task. It will inquire into the cases where reasonable objections to the decisions of the Commissioners have been or can be raised. There appears to be no reason why the labours of the Committee should last very long. They cannot, of course, go into oral evidence from the boroughs affected. They can only look at petitions and memorials, and their first duty will be to see whence these documents come. Unless they represent the feelings and wishes of a very considerable number of those affected by the Bill, they will not be worth attending to. If they are numerously signed, the Committee can first examine the grounds on which they are presented, and if these grounds are *prima facie* valid, they can call in the aid of the Assistant-Commissioners if they wish for further information; and if they do not, they can pronounce their verdict at once.

There are very few boroughs the claims of which will need to be considered. The boundaries of three-fourths of the boroughs were left by the Commissioners exactly as they found them. Of those the boundaries of which were altered, only a fourth have in any way remonstrated against the decision of the Commissioners; and it will be easy to deal with them when once the principle on which the Committee is to

go is laid down. There is really only one ground on which they ought to take any case into consideration, and that is that the decision of the Commissioners is not in accordance with the wishes of those affected. The Commissioners had nothing to do with this; they had to go as far as possible on general principles, and they could not take notice that the operation of these general principles was in some places agreeable, and in some distasteful, to the inhabitants. But the House of Commons does not like the notion of disregarding the wishes of large bodies of electors; and at any rate will not disregard them until it has given them an opportunity of saying what they have to say, and of making out a good case if they can. Sometimes it is those who are to receive a large addition to the constituency that object; sometimes it is those who are to be brought in who object. Sometimes both sets object equally. At Birmingham, for example, it is proposed to add a new electoral population of 30,000 to the existing electoral population of 350,000, and the 30,000 object to being added to Birmingham as much as Birmingham objects to receiving them. Such a case is one that the House of Commons would be sure to take into its consideration, unless a very strong Government had succeeded in getting the decision of the Commissioners accepted as final in all cases. There are not many such cases, but there are some, and with these a Committee has been appointed most properly to deal. Now what are the grounds on which the Committee ought to allow, or not to allow, the wishes of the inhabitants of the locality to weigh with them? The answer to this question depends on the motives which have induced those objecting to the decisions of the Commissioners to protest against them. These motives are mainly of three kinds. In the first place, it is said that the proposed addition to the constituencies is based on wrong grounds, that a population which appears to be an urban population is really a rural one, and belongs to the county, not to the borough. Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, who is the best possible authority, asserts that this is scarcely anywhere the case, and that the object and intention of the Commissioners was not to throw county voters into borough constituencies, but to give votes to persons who do not possess a county qualification, and who would have no vote at all unless they got one by being included in the borough. This is, in effect, to say that the objection of persons improperly taken out of a county is a good one, if it can be shown in point of fact to exist; and any set of politicians who can show that they have county qualifications, and belong to the county naturally, will be sure to have their wishes attended to. The Committee may even with propriety be guided, not only by the apparent facts, but by the strong and generally expressed wishes of the inhabitants of a district. If the inhabitants of a wealthy suburb of a town desire to be regarded as belonging to the county, not to the town, because their houses and holdings are such as naturally belong to a county, although in close proximity to a town, their wishes may be allowed to prevail in a matter which is so very difficult to settle practically as the question where a great town ends and the county begins.

But the other grounds on which the decisions of the Commissioners are objected to cannot be so easily admitted as valid. In many cases the objection comes from those who are going to be thrown into a borough constituency, and they object because they choose to suppose that, if they get a vote for the borough, they will soon be made to pay municipal taxes from which they are now exempt. To vote for a member of Parliament is, they think, an honour and privilege, but it may cost too much. They do not think they can afford it, and rather than pay as much as persons within the borough pay, they would prefer not to have a vote. The Committee may perhaps be inclined to be tender with them, and save them if possible from the misery of being electors; but on principle it does not seem that this ground of objection ought to carry any weight whatever with it. Either these people ought to pay the same taxes as their neighbours or they ought not. If they ought not, if under all the circumstances it is not fair and right that they should be subject to the burden of the municipal taxes, they should not take it for granted that Parliament will hereafter authorize the municipality to tax them simply because they have votes. But if they ought in fairness to be taxed, if it is only by a lucky accident that they escape taxation, there is no reason why the Committee should hesitate to pave the way for their being soon made to pay what they ought to pay. It is doubtless very convenient to live exactly on the edge of a borough, and have all the advantage of its gas and watering and drainage and police, and not contribute a farthing to the expense; but it is not so very pleasant for those who live in

the borough to afford these advantages gratis to persons happening to live just outside an artificial and invisible line. We trust, therefore, that the Committee will allow as little weight to this ground of objection as it possibly can. As to the third ground more doubt may be felt. Many boroughs object to receiving the large additions proposed by the Commissioners, on the ground that they are too big and unwieldy already. It is proposed, for example, to include Highgate in Marylebone; and the members for Marylebone naturally call out against this, and so do many of their constituents. It is impossible to canvass, or in any way to deal effectually and properly with, such a vast body of electors, spread over so large a space of a thickly inhabited district. The mere necessary and legitimate expenses of an election with such a constituency are such as throw a grievous burden on candidates. Undoubtedly the objection is in itself a good one. It is a great inconvenience that constituencies should be too large. The real remedy is one entirely beyond the scope of the Committee, but it is a remedy which is rapidly commanding itself to men of all parties. The Ministry have, in the discussion on the Irish Reform Bill, announced their decided adherence to the principle involved in it, and Sir FRANCIS CROSSLEY, who is as well qualified as any man in the House to speak on the subject, enforced its expediency on Monday night. This remedy is to cut up these huge electoral districts into sections returning one member each. But, strictly speaking, the Committee have nothing to do with the question whether a constituency is likely to be too large. Parliament has not thought proper to cut it up, and it ought to be viewed without regard to the practical inconveniences of keeping it whole. The Committee is not, however, bound to be too logical, and it may perhaps conveniently allow weight to reasons which it could not with technical propriety admit. On the whole, the conclusion may be said to be that the Committee should yield very readily to the wishes of petitioners who think that they properly belong to a different constituency, that they should be inclined to look favourably on petitioners urging that profuse additions will make a constituency unmanageable and unwieldy, and that they should show the greatest hesitation in gratifying the wishes of petitioners who only desire to escape the burden of local taxation.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AT ORLEANS.

THE French EMPEROR has not uttered much during his visit to Orleans that deserves to be remembered, but at all events he let fall nothing that can be considered inauspicious. For a wonder, on the first tidings of an Imperial speech the French Bourse neither fell nor rose. If the people is happy whose annals are inglorious, perhaps the monarch best deserves the gratitude of his subjects who never has said anything to agitate the Funds. NAPOLEON III. set out for Orleans under some difficulties. If he passed over the rumours of possible war in absolute silence, that terrible person, M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN, would for weeks go on insisting, in the shrillest of journalistic tones, that HIS MAJESTY had said nothing because, like the parrot of the story, he thought the more. On the other hand, it was not easy to speak without committing himself to a policy; and though the EMPEROR has got about six policies in his portfolio, he has not perhaps got any one policy in his mind's eye. The danger of silence, and the difficulty of speaking, drove him into the adoption of that excellent middle course which is always both safe and dull. It must be confessed that every one at Orleans did his best to "draw" him. The Mayor of ORLEANS, who seems to have been fully as loyal and spirit-stirring as French and English Mayors always are at local ceremonies, referred in vain to the readiness of Orleans, in spite of all her peaceful predilections, to draw the sword for France. All that His MAJESTY remarked in answer was that he felt sure Orleans, in the midst of the general tranquillity of Europe, might go on developing her industry. In vain the eminent Bishop of ORLEANS dwelt on patriotism and independence, spoke of the Loire as the river which protected Frenchmen from the enemy, and compared the French nation to JOAN OF ARC, as having both the heart of a maiden and the panoply of a man. NAPOLEON III. rose to the occasion as far as piety was concerned, but dropped the subject of panoplies and river defences as quickly as he could. If then the political atmosphere is not serener, it is at least not more troubled, than it was a week ago. Under ordinary circumstances, France would owe a debt of thanks to the master of her peace and her destiny for having deigned to be uninteresting. Even as it is, to be relieved from the prospect of an ambitious and unsettling

manifesto is a boon for which all Europe, except the epigrammatists of the *Liberté* and kindred papers, will be grateful. In political affairs a country lives from hand to mouth, and war adjourned to-day may, by a fortunate revolution in the wheel of accidents, become settled tranquillity to-morrow. Nothing, therefore, is lost by the EMPEROR's Orleans speech, and there is a little gain. It hardly seems likely that NAPOLEON III. would have spoken as he did if he intended an immediate quarrel with Prussia in this present spring or summer. May is a critical month, and the Ides of May at least are come and gone. To have tided over another year is an advantage that goes for much, when the advancing years of the EMPEROR are taken into account.

Yet the EMPEROR might certainly do a great deal more to reassure Europe than the little he did at Orleans, if his mind was single and sincere, and if no false view of the interests of France ever crossed the current of his ideas. He has said nothing that is calculated to sweep away at once and for ever the alarm of those who feel that Prussia and France are drifting into the position of deadly rivals on the Continent. There is a sort of strain and emphasis in the way in which all French papers are encouraged to write and think of Prussia, which a gracious word from the EMPEROR might easily relax. The *Mouiteur de l'Armée* still continues to cock its beaver without reproof. Warlike advisers continue to haunt the corridors of the Tuileries, and peace and war are allowed from day to day to plead their cause in the Imperial Cabinet. All the capitals of Europe watch with interest this contest between good and evil which, like the choice of HERCULES, seems so evenly balanced in the Imperial mind; and, after two years of doubt, the situation, for the industry and commerce of both France and Prussia, is still one of intolerable anxiety. The apparent indecision of the EMPEROR has become indeed almost fatiguing. His whole programme seems summed up in the one word, suspense. It may be that he is only adopting the attitude which he conceives to be emblematical of genius, that of watching events; for the rustic of HORACE, who waits in hopes that the river may stop running, is, in the eyes of the biographer of CESAR, the personification of political intelligence. It may be that he is biding his time for his final spring. It depends on the estimate that each observer may form of his character which solution is adopted. The only thing certain is, that the EMPEROR knows how perplexed and uneasy the world is at his moody preparations for war, at the controversy between M. ROUHER and M. NIEL, which has now lasted too long to be pleasant, and at the ill-disguised tone of menace adopted by Government organs towards Prussia. In his Orleans visit he has not encouraged feelings of panic and alarm, but nevertheless he has not been willing to give the public the only security he can for peace, by unreservedly avowing his intention to let Germany alone.

Too much has been said and written by the French Government for its silence on the subject of Germany to be considered any longer a virtue. Silence means that the EMPEROR still adheres to his ideas about Prussia, and regards her growth as his declension. He adheres, that is to say, to the policy of what may be called the Evil Eye. He says nothing, but he looks askance, and no open threats can be more expressive than the malignity of unfriendly silence. To fascinate Germany and Italy into dropping for the present all attempts to complete their internal reconstruction, appears to be the object. The worst of this stern and sullen attitude of expectation seems to us to be that it leads so certainly to future war. Prussian statesmen are perfectly aware that their country is menaced, and though for the moment they are anxious to avert a collision by all reasonable sacrifices, it is obvious that such a state of political tension cannot last. Each uneasy movement of Prussia under the fascination of the jealous glances of her natural enemy excites afresh the restlessness of the French, and it is equally dangerous for Germany to prepare and not to prepare for war. A rougher edge than usual in a diplomatic despatch, the garrisoning of a frontier town, or the equipment of a regiment, may, at a short notice, precipitate a crisis like that which took place last year. We know, from the experience of England a few years back, that nations who ought to be good friends may for years be kept on tenter-hooks, and live on the *qui vive*. Invasions and rumours of invasions can be sown very cheap, and multiply very fast. In spite of the French colonels who used to threaten us, we have lived over all real apprehension of a French flotilla, and the mere fact that ill-will subsists between the nation of BLUCHER and the nation of the Great NAPOLEON is a mere nothing. There is something far more definite than ill-will at the bottom of the present difficulty—

a resolution on the part of Germany to make Germany great, and a resolution on the part of France to keep Germany divided. Predominance in Europe is the apple of contention, and until the military spirit dies away in France danger must continue. The worst of it is that we have now every reason to believe that Napoleonism and the military spirit are bound up together, and that the one will last out the other. In spite of the Imperial wishes for the industry of Orleans, the sword of DAMOCLES still hangs over the head of all the industry of France. If the EMPEROR has not added to, neither has he relieved, the dull monotonous expectation of future evils which has now become part of the French nation's daily life.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

MINUTE calculations made by persons who are considered to understand the matter have proved that, if Revising Barristers are this year allowed no holiday at all, there may be a dissolution in November. To the Revising Barristers the prospect of losing their holiday cannot be pleasant, but they are for the most part hardy, active young men, desirous to show what they can do, and anxious to be employed ten times as much as they are employed. It will be a satisfaction to know that, if this year they are deprived of their chance of seeing Scotland or Switzerland, they will at least show that they are possessed of a capacity for work which ought to do them good. If every stage of their proceedings, and if every process to be gone through before an election can be held, is compressed within the very shortest possible time, it is just barely conceivable that a new Parliament might meet at Westminster early in December. To say that it is possible is perhaps to speak in the sense in which we say it is possible for a man to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. It can just be done within the range of human capabilities. If any breakdown occurred at any point of the process, then this assembling of Parliament in December would be impossible. When it does meet in December, it obviously can do nothing but decide the fate of the Ministry. If the Ministry has a majority, and a majority of the right sort, there will be an end of all attempts for many years to deal with the Irish Church. If the Ministry is not in a majority, it will have to go out. Is it, then, worth while to make a very great effort, to deprive Revising Barristers of their holidays, to goad every election official to the last limits of activity, in order that the fate of the Ministry may be decided a fortnight before Christmas, instead of being decided a very few weeks after Christmas? Under ordinary circumstances, it would obviously not be worth while to go through so much in order to decide and effect so little. But, as things stand now, it is worth the effort to do all that can be done in order to arrive, as soon as possible, at a definite issue. The Ministry say that they stay on, and appeal to the country, because they believe that the country is with them as regards the Irish Church, and not with their opponents. The sooner they can prove this to be true, and justify themselves in not resigning, so much the better for them. It is bad enough for them to be as they now are, and as they will be until an election has taken place, in a humiliating and almost degrading position. They have only one justification for being in office, and that is, that they have an honest and well-founded belief that the real wish of England is to preserve the Irish Church. Many persons do not think they believe this, and a very much larger number think that at all events they are quite mistaken, and might know they are mistaken if they would take the trouble to use the information that is within their reach. It must be of the last importance, to honourable men in the position of the Ministry, to hurry on the general election, and to show that they are right. It is not enough that they wish to have the truth known; the fewer the delays and obstacles that are interposed before the result is arrived at, the better they will stand with their countrymen. It certainly will invest the conduct of the Ministry with a greater air of sincerity if they seem to count every day and every hour gained that can be so dealt with as to hasten the meeting of the Parliament which is to decide their fate; and were it for this reason alone, and because everything that casts any slur upon statesmen of any party is a loss to the country, it becomes a matter of importance that everything that can be done should be done this Session to expedite matters, and ensure a meeting of the new Parliament at the earliest date when it can be got together.

To Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends it must also be of importance that the new Parliament should meet as soon as possible. If Mr. DISRAELI is right, the country is against any measure tending to the disestablishment of the Irish

Church. Let us suppose that this is the fact, and that the new constituencies return a strong, compact majority, zealous for Church and State, Protestant Ascendancy, Irish Bishops in the Lords, and all the rest of it. Of course, if this is so, Ireland will have to submit. As the same set of people would be sure to be impregnated with the highest Tory views of landlordism, they would be as much opposed to giving the Irish any concession with regard to the land. The task that would lie before them would be to govern Ireland after having disappointed the hopes of three-fourths of the Irish population, but we do not at all mean to say that this task would be beyond their strength. A really determined English Parliament, bent on keeping up the Irish Church, might be trusted to have its way. It would be a Parliament strung to an intensity of will by a deep religious fanaticism, by the sense of an unexpected triumph, and by the feeling that it must not halt or waver, but must go through its stern duties at all hazards. If the Irish Bishops were doubled, and if every Irish Roman Catholic tenant were driven to desperation, still the power of such a Parliament would be for a time irresistible. But if this is to be the fate of Ireland, the sooner it knows its fate the better. Mr. GLADSTONE, of all people, must wish most ardently that the poor creatures he is now deluding with false visions of religious equality should know the worst. At present their hopes grow every day, and it is very natural they should grow, for the whole action of the present House of Commons is strongly in their favour, and there are no very visible signs of that counter-current of thought which is secretly flowing through the mysterious breasts of the residuum. It is to be heartily desired that if the Irish are now under a delusion, that delusion should be put an end to as soon as possible. Even two or three months of hope, that seems to approach certainty, will augment the bitter disappointment with which they will ultimately find they have been chasing a shadow. And as for Mr. GLADSTONE himself and the other leaders of the Liberal party, they must be anxious, for their own sakes, to be relieved at the earliest possible moment from the false position they hold. They now seem to be leading a willing nation in the paths of justice; but if the real views of the nation are the other way, and it does not care about doing justice to Ireland, or thinks that there is no justice which Ireland needs having done by it, then the Liberal leaders are only giving themselves an infinity of trouble for no earthly use. Supposing they can again find seats in the servile assembly of militant Protestants which the new constituencies are, according to the best information, going to return, they can do no more than record their vain protests against its proceedings and sink into insignificance. It is better that they should have to do this soon. Let them shelter themselves in obscurity, for they will show themselves to have totally misunderstood their country, and to have done their best to make the future government of Ireland very harsh and painful to the Irish without having done any good whatever to England.

It may be thought that it is an exaggeration to say that a new Parliament which refuses to deal with the Irish Church next Session must necessarily be returned on the old principles of Protestant ascendancy. All that Mr. DISRAELI may mean is that there will be in the next Parliament an increased number of mild, amiable men, who cannot make up their minds what to do with Ireland and its Church; who are benevolent, but do not know in what direction they are to turn their benevolence; who wish to be just, but cannot decide what justice means, and who have no other principle on which to govern Ireland except a vague idea that personally they rather like the incumbent of their own English parish. If these are the people whom the new constituencies are going to return in large numbers, we cannot compliment them on their choice. If anything is certain in the politics of the future, it is that Ireland is not to be governed by such men. To disappoint the hopes of a people, after these hopes have been encouraged by the most decisive majorities which have been seen in the House of Commons for many years, is not a light thing. Disappointed people may be made to yield, and to yield silently and without outward show of the indignation and despair that rage within them. But then they must know and feel what the pressure is that keeps them quiet. Ireland, if utterly disappointed after what has taken place this Session, is not to be governed by rosewater. Amiable men, with nothing to go upon but a vague affection for clergymen, will not be able to manage it. Its rulers must be men who think, as Mr. DISRAELI thinks, that to let the Irish Church be disestablished is to endure an evil worse than a foreign conquest, worse than seeing NAPOLEON at Buckingham

Palace, or the few ironclads we have built for Prussia anchored triumphantly under an enemy's flag at Portsmouth. Men who think this will be able to rule Ireland very easily. If we had to live under French or Prussian commanders as a penalty for doing justice to Ireland, most of us would hesitate at doing good that evil might come. But a Parliament of amiable friends of the Church would never be able to fight the battle against Irish discontent, and the strong unflinching determination of the Liberal party and its leaders. They would quail, and then give way a little, and then in a panic give way altogether and with a rush, as if they had no convictions and no courage, just as persons not unlike them did on the great question of Reform. The end of the struggle about the Irish Church would be the same, except that a great English party would be once more dragged through the dirt; and that, although the Irish Church was disestablished, the Irish would not be in the least obliged to us for disestablishing it. The right men to uphold the Irish Church are men of a very different temper. Electors who know what they are about, and who wish to see the Irish Church kept up, not for six months, or a year, or even two years—which would be an utterly contemptible result—but for generations and generations, must look out for candidates who will feel and act as if they had just come from defending Londonderry or conquering at the Boyne. A mere gentlemanly friend of Church and State is of no sort of use at the present crisis. The real thing to be done is, not to expound and uphold nice, proper views, but to govern Ireland on Church and State principles after what has passed this Session. Where, we ask with wonder, are the right candidates to be found, and where are the electors to elect them? Mr. DISRAELI knows, and he has probably told those of his colleagues whom he thinks important enough to confide in; but, outside the Cabinet, we have never heard of any human being who has the slightest clue to the secret.

THE GRANT TO SIR CHARLES DARLING.

ALTHOUGH Sir ROUNDELL PALMER properly postponed until all the papers relating to the case were produced, little remains to be added to the arguments which were urged in the House of Lords. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM and the LORD CHANCELLOR only differed from the Duke of ARGYLL and Lord CARNARVON in their disposition to renounce all Imperial responsibility for the government of the colonies. All the speakers in the debate agreed that the grant was a scandalous violation of the rules which control the public service. The formal prohibition of the receipt of gifts by Governors of colonies is of recent date, but the impropriety of placing the interest of a Governor in direct collision with his duty was not created for the first time by the declaratory Circular of Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH. Mr. CARDWELL dismissed Sir CHARLES DARLING because he had, by irregular methods, assisted the Assembly in its conflict with the Council; and the grant of 20,000*l.* passed by the Assembly of Victoria, and rejected by the Council, is professedly designed to compensate Sir CHARLES DARLING for his removal from office. Knowing that, in default of an Appropriation Act, public money could not legally be paid to claimants, the Governor of Victoria, in concert with his Ministers, allowed judgment to be confessed in collusive actions, for the purpose of afterwards paying money to creditors as if under constraint of legal process. When the Council formally remonstrated, Sir CHARLES DARLING expressed personal hostility to the chief authors of the protest; and he was justly recalled by the Home Government, because he had both countenanced an evasion of the law and identified himself with the cause of a political party. It has never been disputed that Sir CHARLES DARLING acted in good faith, even when he was guilty of grievous errors; but a public servant is not entitled to compensation for personal losses resulting from his own mistakes. Least of all can it be endured that he should be paid, by the colonial faction which he has favoured, for a partiality condemned by his official superiors. An ambassador might as properly receive a gratuity from the Court to which he has been accredited, for concluding a treaty which his own Government afterwards declines to ratify, as a Colonial Governor for a policy similarly condemned. There can be no graver charge against a lawyer than that he has accepted a loan or a gift from the adverse litigant; and, generally, an agent commits a breach of duty when he receives remuneration for the conduct of business, except from his own principal. Even if the prudence of Sir CHARLES DARLING's colonial administration were as well established as the uprightness of his intention,

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tions, payment for doing right would have been as inadmissible as payment for doing wrong. It matters nothing that the grant is subsequent to the acts by which it has been earned. The acceptance of the gift is, in analogy to the well-known legal maxim, retrospective, and equivalent to a previous bargain.

Sir CHARLES DARLING has apparently been misled by Lord CARNARVON's declaration that he could not accept the grant and remain in the colonial service, but the announcement of a penalty which will attach to the performance of an act is not the proposal of an alternative choice. It was the duty of the SECRETARY OF STATE to intimate the official consequences which must follow from a violation of the rules of the service, as a commanding officer might warn a subaltern that absence from duty might be punished by the loss of his commission. It was not Lord CARNARVON's business to appeal to Sir CHARLES DARLING's conscience, or to point out the moral objections to the commission of a grave irregularity. All those who have taken part in the discussion have been willing to make allowance for a veteran who has served the Crown faithfully for many years; but, as long as Sir CHARLES DARLING vindicates the propriety of his own conduct, it is necessary to insist on the maintenance of principles which might have been thought to require no exposition. The Assembly of Victoria, if it can obtain the assent of the Council, may perhaps be at liberty to squander the money of its constituents on any private objects of its wise or indiscreet bounty; but it infringes on Imperial rights when it affects to reward a servant of the Crown for his adhesion to one of the parties in a colonial dispute. The proposed recipient of the grant may be a non-official person, but he is to be paid for acts performed in an official capacity. As, under the existing Constitution, the Governor is the only colonial functionary who is responsible to the Crown, it is especially improper to tempt him into partiality by pecuniary considerations. The Council, and the minority which includes the higher classes of the population, have no means of bidding against the Assembly for official support; and the anomaly of the proceeding is aggravated by the hardship of taxing the dissentients to reward an ex-Governor for facilitating the adoption of an obnoxious policy. The Home Government, however, has to deal rather with the grantee than with the Assembly, and perhaps Sir CHARLES DARLING may have simplified the technical difficulty by his resignation of his position in the public service. It is only within two or three years that he would have had any claim to a pension which he could resign.

Notwithstanding the forcible arguments urged in support of sound principles by Lord SALISBURY and Lord GREY, there is much excuse for the pliability of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and of Sir HENRY MANNERS SUTTON. The Governor of Victoria had a perfect theoretical right to withhold the assent of the Crown from a vote which was in form and in substance wholly unjustifiable. It was known that the Assembly intended, not only to apply the public funds to a corrupt purpose, but to insult the Legislative Council by taking the vote to the regular Appropriation Act, which must be passed or rejected as a whole. The Council has accepted the challenge by refusing to sanction the entire Bill; and consequently the DARLING grant has become an element of the constitutional deadlock which has long affected the financial affairs of the colony. As the assent of the Crown is a condition precedent to every grant of money, Sir HENRY MANNERS SUTTON might have prevented the vote in the first instance, and it would have been competent to the Assembly to proceed by way of Address; but although the Governor, in a case affecting the interests of the Crown, might have acted independently of his official advisers, he could neither have compelled his Ministers to remain in office, nor have supplied their places with successors who could have carried on the Government. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM was probably not unwilling that the Governor should act on his own responsibility, and Sir HENRY MANNERS SUTTON preferred, as might have been expected, the safest and easiest course. It is perfectly true that the Imperial supremacy has little practical meaning if a Colonial Legislature can at its pleasure overrule the policy of the Crown. It was justly said, in the House of Lords, that all the burdens of the relation with the colonies fall on the Mother-country, while the correlative rights are daily becoming more and more evanescent. Lord GREY has from the first consistently disapproved of the system of responsible government which was introduced soon after the close of his colonial administration. Lord SALISBURY censured the LORD CHANCELLOR for his admission of the inability of the Government to control its dependencies, and perhaps it is well that

the secret defects of an Empire should be shrouded in decent mystery. Yet the concession of all but complete independence to the colonies has almost put an end to the collisions of former times, and the door of self-government must be open or shut. The grant to Sir CHARLES DARLING was an extreme case of the abuse of a privilege which can scarcely be restrained, though perhaps it might have been withheld. The position of protector and nominal sovereign over a community which does exactly what it chooses is anomalous, but it has not in practice been intolerably onerous. A repetition of the recent scandal might be prevented by an Imperial Act attaching a penalty to the acceptance of gifts by a Colonial Governor, either during his term of service or at any subsequent time. The irregularities of Colonial Parliaments may be endured when it is remembered that the evil consequences of misrule will be felt almost exclusively by the communities immediately concerned.

Political theorists of the French logical school may easily prove that it would be expedient and just to offer contumacious colonies the alternative of obedience or separation; but, while the disadvantages connected with colonial dependencies are well known, the reasons for postponing the dissolution of the Empire are indefinite and possibly weighty. Some practical economists hold that the prejudice of distant English subjects in favour of English goods produces, in the form of trading profits, a much larger return than the entire cost of the colonies. The burst of loyalty or national feeling which was caused by the late visit of an English Prince to Australia is worth a certain expense, and it may be remembered that the Assembly and Council of Victoria adjourned their long-cherished quarrel to pass an Act for providing funds for the suitable entertainment of the son of the QUEEN. The bond of allegiance, if it is once broken, will never be renewed; whereas the rupture which some peers seemed to anticipate with complacency may at any moment be easily effected. One speaker quoted the vigorous measures of a Governor of Barbadoes, who coerced his little Parliament into granting the necessary supplies by threatening to let the prisoners out of gaol, and to withdraw the garrison; but Barbadoes is a small island, inhabited chiefly by negroes, and Australia is a large continent, with a growing English population. Even if it were possible to control the local Governments, nothing would be gained by the exertion of the power. If Victoria or New South Wales chooses to mismanage its own affairs, those who are at a distance may console themselves by the thought that they are neither the perpetrators nor the victims of the wrong. On the whole, the Assembly of Victoria, if it can overcome the resistance of the Council, must be allowed to fine the colony 20,000*l.* for the pleasure of proving its right to commit an improper act.

LOCAL TAXATION.

A MOTION on local taxation on Tuesday last produced an instructive and temperate discussion; but in the interest of his agricultural clients Sir MASSEY LOPES would have done well, in accordance with the proverb, to "let sleeping dogs lie." In rural districts landlords and tenants pay the rates between them; and economists have generally held that the burden ultimately falls on the owner rather than on the occupier. It is difficult to test the theory by experience, because rents, as well as rates, have risen during the last twenty or thirty years; and it is impossible to say whether the increase of rent would have been much more rapid if local taxation had been stationary. As the demand for good farms is greater than the supply, the lessor has, to a certain extent, control over the terms of new contracts; and permanent tenants have, on the average, so beneficial a holding that they have no wish to reverse the conditions of the bargain. In periods of agricultural depression rents are lowered in consideration of increasing rates, but a readjustment would in ordinary times be disadvantageous to the occupier. It is undoubtedly vexatious to a farmer to pay a larger poor-rate than his shopkeeping or manufacturing neighbour, who may be known to be much richer than himself; but, on the other hand, he is favoured in the arrangement of the Income-tax which is founded on the inaccurate assumption that the profit is only equal to half the rent. No man of business would pay a rent of 500*l.* a year in the hope of earning 250*l.*; and perhaps the farmer's grievance consists in the absence of any opportunity for manipulating his Income-tax returns. As to the rates, whatever may be their real incidence, the English farmer proves his own belief that they are a burden upon himself, by his consistent objection to any scheme which tends

to increase the amount. Boards of Guardians are the most vigilant, if not always the wisest, controllers of expenditure, in all cases in which they are allowed a discretion; and Justices in Quarter Sessions, though they may be more open to appreciate administrative improvements, also incline to severe frugality. The strongest argument for local taxation is to be found in the direct and tangible interest of the rate-payer in checking extravagance; and it is therefore essential that the amount of expenditure should be wholly or in a great degree left to the discretion of the local legislature. When the application of a tax is strictly prescribed by Parliament, it is an error to place the burden on the rates. It was a weak point in the recommendations of the Education Commissioners that they proposed to charge the rates with payments which depended entirely on the reports of inspectors or examiners.

Mr. M'LAREN's speech against the landed interest was well worth the consideration of county members, not so much on account of the soundness or the strength of its arguments, as because it represents the probable opinion of the future constituencies. The contributors to the Income-tax form but a small minority of the present electors; but the respect for property is widely spread among the middle-classes. The new borough voters will have no concern with direct taxation, except in the expenditure of the proceeds. The accumulation of land in the hands of a limited number of owners, although it is mainly due to economical causes, is regarded by the democracy, under the guidance of their teachers, as an inviolable monopoly; and even an irrelevant or apocryphal version of history will be readily adopted, if it furnishes a pretext for imposing additional taxes on landowners. The Financial Reform League, which supplied Mr. M'LAREN with his arguments, has lately attempted to resume a vitality which had been suspended for several years under the influence of general indifference, produced by absurdity. Mr. M'LAREN once more aired the old fallacy that landowners ought to pay for the standing army, because their predecessors of several centuries ago were liable to serve the King in person. As Mr. FLOYER remarked, military duty was never gratuitous, and the trading classes, if they were not forced to be soldiers, paid taxes for the support of the army. After the abolition of the military tenure, the Land-tax, notwithstanding its name, was originally levied both on real and on personal property. If taxation were now to be regulated by the distribution of burdens in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, shipowners ought to pay the greater part of the cost of the navy, and sailors might be subjected to an exceptional poll-tax as an equivalent for their practical immunity from impressment. The whole controversy would be frivolous, if it were certain that a future Parliament might not excuse grave injustice by idle sophisms. The true answer to Mr. M'LAREN and the Financial Reform League is, that nearly all the present owners of land acquired their property long after the abolition of military tenures, and even after the imposition of the Land-tax, in the reign of WILLIAM III. No human being supposed, during the interval, that the country had a dormant claim on the land which, if it were enforced, would largely reduce its value. A capitalist has a right, in selecting his investments, to assume that no kind of property will be subjected, on historical or on political pretences, to exceptional or penal taxation. A man who buys land must be prepared to sacrifice income for pleasure or for supposed security; but, under the Constitution which has hitherto existed, he had no reason to fear demands founded on sham antiquarian researches.

In his great financial speech of 1853, Mr. GLADSTONE showed that landowners paid a higher percentage of their net receipts in the form of Income-tax than any other class of contributors; but Mr. FLOYER was mistaken in adding together for the purpose of calculation the amounts respectively paid by the landlord and by the tenant. There is no reason why either rents or farm profits should be exempt from any general tax on income. Attempts to impose a higher percentage on land than on other forms of property may not improbably be successful, but they will be measures of simple spoliation. It is difficult to condemn too strongly the folly of owners of any kind of property who, under present circumstances, tamper with the rights of their neighbours; yet Conservative landowners are often too ready to confiscate the property of joint-stock associations, and it is only through the pressure of public business that the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has abandoned his piratical designs against the Telegraph Companies. The very Corporation of London, forgetting its own wealth and its supposed abuses, has lately succeeded in forcing upon the City Gas

Companies a disadvantageous compromise as the alternative of utter ruin. With equal prescience the Bishops in SYDNEY SMITH's apologue threw out to the rabble the dinner which had been prepared for the Deans and Chapters. The landowners, as the class of proprietors which is likely, after the Corporations, to be first attacked, ought in prudence to abstain from demanding changes in the system of taxation. They ought long since to have satisfied themselves that it is impossible to assess stock-in-trade to the rates; and if the Act of ELIZABETH were to be literally enforced, farming stock would necessarily share the novel burden. One-third of the entire rates of the country is paid by householders, and, in Mr. MILL's opinion, a tax on houses approximates closely to an equitable tax on property. The owners of land may be assured that no revision will be attempted for their benefit, or under their control.

One addition to the taxes on land may be considered inevitable. There is no sufficient reason for the existing distinction between the Legacy-duty and the Succession-duty. Real property had been entirely exempt from taxes on transmission by death until 1853. Mr. GLADSTONE and the present Lord WESTBURY displayed extraordinary ability in carrying the Bill for imposing a Succession-duty through the House of Commons; and they would probably have been defeated if they had insisted on perfect uniformity of taxation. There are many plausible excuses for the distinction, nor can it be denied that the successor to a landed estate suffers inconvenience in raising money, while the executor pays the Legacy-duty out of the personality before he transfers the balance to the legatee. A tax of three per cent. on the value of a landed estate may be considered equal to one year's rent, and it must be remembered that some heirs and devisees pay at the rate of ten per cent. No reasonable legislator would object to the present system of payment by instalments, as it is, on public as well as on private grounds, undesirable to force the owner to mortgage his property as soon as he comes into possession. The anomaly of the existing law consists in the assessment of an estate in fee on the life interest of the successor, and in the release of the unpaid instalments in the event of the death of the holder. The duty on personality bequeathed in trust to successive legatees is paid by each when his possession accrues, in proportion to its value; and there can be little doubt that the same rule will, within a few years, be applied to real property. Even if landowners still exercised paramount influence in Parliament, it would not be for their interest to retain a real or apparent preference in the adjustment of taxation. If they fall victims to the cupidity or prejudice of so-called financial reformers, they will at least have the consolation of knowing and proving that they submit to injustice only in deference to superior power. Their advantage in the adjustment of the Succession-duties, even if it be defensible, admits of no apology which can be made intelligible to the multitude. Apparent inequality of taxation is the most dangerous of privileges.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

IT is so seldom that the Admiralty exhibits any tendency to improvement, that the slightest hint of a willingness to be guided by recent experience is enough to make a scheme of navy expenditure comparatively acceptable. Mr. CORRY has had the satisfaction of announcing a little modicum of official repentance, and though his arrangements for this year are but little in advance of the plans of his predecessors, it is possible to detect a slight movement in the right direction, which seems to show that the tide is turning. Every habitual censor of the Admiralty found a crumb of comfort in the speech of the FIRST LORD, and the usual torrent of remonstrance was appreciably diminished in force. And yet the changes which Mr. CORRY proposes are very minute, almost valueless in themselves; and we can only hope that the promises which they seem to imply may in future years ripen into performance. It has long been felt that the sums which should be available for the increase of our ironclad navy were seriously curtailed by the enormous cost of the maintenance of our numerous squadrons at foreign stations, and last year the policy of a reduction of these squadrons was strongly pressed by Mr. CHILDERS. Mr. CORRY, like most other persons who were familiar with the facts, was evidently much impressed, and, accordingly, he devoted a large portion of his speech to an elaborate argument against the diminution of squadrons abroad, and ended by declaring his intention to cut them down by fifteen ships and 2,768 men, with a promise of further reduction when the Abyssinian business is completely wound up. This seems at first sight to hold out hopes of a considerable economy, but

an increase in the Coastguard, which has been thought necessary, swallows up the greater part of the saving, and the net result is a diminution in the total number of seamen by 842. And even this, though accompanied by a larger reduction in the strength of the Marines, fails to bear fruit in the shape of a money saving; for, owing to various additions (not uncalled for) in the pay of different classes, and other expenses for the improvement of the seaman's comfort, the cost of pay and maintenance, after all allowances for Indian repayments, is 70,000*l.* beyond the corresponding vote of last year. The only consolatory reflection is that, but for Mr. CORRY's pruning, the increase would have been much more formidable.

Another attempt to save money, so as to leave a larger surplus for construction, is much more questionable. It has long been a settled point that large extensions in nearly all our Dockyards are indispensable; and very considerable, though by no means excessive, works are now in progress. Mr. CORRY proposes to pick up 70,000*l.* by working more slowly than ever upon dockyard extensions which, even at the rate of past years, will take something like a lifetime to complete. By these and some other economies, coupled with a small increase on the total Estimates, he has managed to leave nearly 2,000,000*l.* for building, against 1,750,000*l.* last year, and 1,000,000*l.* the year before. Experience suggests the question, How much of this 2,000,000*l.* will be profitably spent? and the answer, though far from being satisfactory, is much less discouraging than in the case of any previous Estimates. Out of the total amount only 600,000*l.* is to go for unarmoured ships, and nearly the whole of this is required to finish the various wooden ships ordered by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON. Two corvettes, on which it is proposed to spend this year the modest sum of 40,000*l.*, are all the additions which Mr. CORRY proposes to the unarmoured fleet. There remains the sum of 1,350,000*l.* available for the increase of the ironclad fleet. The greater part of this will be required to complete vessels already in progress, but Mr. CORRY intends to commence six new ironclads and to proceed vigorously with them during the current year. This is a resolution to which no one will take exception, but the account given of the details of the scheme is the least satisfactory part of the whole statement. Mr. CORRY has always been considered to be less wedded to the ideas of construction which have recently prevailed at the Admiralty, and less prejudiced against turret-ships, than almost any First Lord who has held office since Monitors were talked of. But the official atmosphere seems to have stifled his good resolutions, and he cannot make up his mind to give us more than a single two-gun harbour ship on what is almost certain to be the principle of all future navies. The *Glutton*, as she is to be christened, will no doubt be a very strong ship of her class. She is to have a skin of 12 inches of iron, increased to 14 inches on the turret, and a single turret to carry two 25-ton guns—if, by the time she is finished, guns of that magnitude can be successfully built. She will have moderate speed, and will be, it seems, of the genuine low-lying Monitor type; and as she is to be built by contract, there is perhaps the less risk of Mr. REED adding his favourite high free-board during her construction. The reasons assigned for not having another seagoing turret-ship are that the *Monarch* (having been pushed on so much less rapidly than the *Hercules*) is still unfinished and untried, and that Messrs. LAIRD are getting on so rapidly with the *Captain* that we may expect to see her afloat within reasonable time. Under these circumstances Mr. CORRY thinks it hazardous to begin another "experimental" ship until we see the performances of those already on the stocks. If the world would stand still, and give us leisure to build one ship at a time, and wait for her trial before commencing another, there would be wisdom in this doctrine. But ironclads of some sort we must build a good deal faster than such a system would permit. All our recent ships have been almost as much experimental as those designed on Captain COLES's plans, and yet we do not hear that the proved success of one of Mr. REED's experiments is made a condition precedent to the construction of a sister ship. A circular moveable turret is voted an experiment, not to be repeated except after the interval of two or three years occupied in the construction of the first specimen. A square fixed box or central battery is just as much an experiment, except that it is much less likely to answer, and yet the type is repeated as fast as the slips are available. The short and so-called handy ships which have been substituted for the *Achilles* model are still being produced after the most convincing proof that they make such bad weather as to be obliged to close their ports when the *Achilles* is as steady as a rock beside them. It

would have been well to check the repetition of experiments in this direction, if not before the testing of the earlier examples, at any rate as soon as this class of ships had proved utterly deficient in the steadiness which is one of the most essential qualities, if not the most essential, of a man-of-war. But, instead of this, when a comparison is made between the *Achilles* and the *Bellerophon*, the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY thinks it enough to say that it is unfair to compare a long ship with a short one, and goes on building more and more *Bellerophons*. Why it should be unfair to compare long and short ships, in an argument the whole purport of which was to show that short ships were a mistake, Mr. CORRY may perhaps be able to understand, but ordinary logicians would think it the only comparison that could be at all pertinent to the question. With the exception of his anti-turret views, the one distinctive feature of Mr. REED's work has been the reduction of the length of ships of war. By this, together with improved steering apparatus, he has gained handiness, but he has lost all the steadiness of the *Achilles* type, and, for fighting purposes, the project has turned out not only an experiment, but a failure. These failures, however, are to be imitated again and again; while the turret experiment, which has not failed yet at any rate, is to be condemned by anticipation until the one ship shall be afloat that will revolutionize our dockyard theories.

Acting on these principles, Mr. CORRY proposes to build a first-class experiment, to be called the *Sultan*, in imitation of the untried *Hercules*, with the usual central box and, we suppose, the usual capacity for rolling. Also another smaller ship, the *Iron Duke*, as a repetition of the *Audacious*, and two sister ships, the *Triumph* and the *Swiftsure*, also on the *Audacious* model. Of these vessels the *Sultan* is to carry plates varying from 6 to 9 inches in thickness, besides an inner skin of an inch and a half. Her armament is to include eight guns of 18 tons, and, like the *Hercules*, her offensive and defensive powers will therefore be considerable. What seagoing qualities she may show will depend on the result of the experiment. The armour of the other ships is to be less substantial, but they will be partly protected by eight-inch iron, and in two of them the obvious and long-delayed experiment is to be tried of putting a coating of wood over the iron, and coppering it, so as to obviate the fouling which so greatly deteriorates our ironclads after a few months' service. A last experiment of a very remarkable kind is the *Hotspur*—a ram, to have a speed of 12 knots, to carry one 18-ton gun, and to be protected by 11-inch plates over the usual teak backing and inner iron skin.

This programme includes many novelties which deserve a fair trial, and is a decided advance upon what the Board of Admiralty has been accustomed to propose. But it still smacks of the old prejudice against turrets, and of the weakness which ignores and reproduces the proved defects of almost all our recent ironclads. The marvellous steadiness of a pure Monitor may not be attainable to the full extent in a turret cruiser, but the marvellous unsteadiness of many of Mr. REED's most powerful vessels ought at least to be avoided for the future.

BALLAST.

A MAN who wants ballast is considered, in England at any rate, and to some extent in other countries also, to be deficient in almost the central quality of a good human character. To be without talent, without intellectual adroitness, without a vigorous and accurate judgment—any of these things is to be forgiven; but to have it said of you that you do not carry enough ballast is to be made an outlaw from the good opinion of the entire well-to-do class of the community, just as, on the other hand, if it be known that one carries the regulation quantity of this desirable commodity, it is supposed that the regulation quantity of all other virtuous things goes along with it. Perceiving this, men may well be anxious to find out the exact constituents of so valuable a possession, and to study those types of character in which it exists in the amplest abundance, as well as those dreadful examples who have acquired least of it. In its literal use, the term that has been given to this indispensable treasure means rubbish which a ship carries for want of a more remunerative freight; and it cannot be denied that, in its moral and metaphysical application, it seems very often to mean a parcel of trumpery qualities of mind only useful in filling up empty space into which the owner had nothing better to stow. Even in its best sense, some taint of its literal origin still clings to the phrase, and on closer examination we find that, where praise is most warmly heaped upon a man for the quantity of ballast he carries, it only signifies that he has filled up some spare stowage-room with notions or habits not positively vicious. Ballast is often some colourless collection of things present in the mind, which do not fertilize nor quicken nor stimulate it, but lie like a dead

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Lump at the bottom of the hold, only with certain beneficial steadyng effects. And this is all very well, if it were not that such a steadyng effect could generally be obtained by the possession of qualities which, besides keeping a man's course straight and trim, would also do something to help him more rapidly and effectually forwards. It is certainly better that he should carry a dead bulk, even of some lifeless sort, than that he should go to the bottom—to ruin, that is to say, and misery and degradation—for want of it. It is better that he should hate zeal, detest new ideas, abhor enterprise, and hold tight to the great gospel of jog-trot, than that he should run a-muck through a hundred vagaries and chimeras and aerial enthusiasms. Often ballast means no more than adherence to routine; it implies a contrast between the steady-headed man who will not move on, and his rival who wants to fly forward as on the wings of the wind, very severely to the disadvantage of the latter. The Don Quixote in real life would be assuredly charged with want of ballast, and the charge would mean that he lacked Philosopher Square's sense of the fitness of things, that he lived in dreams and fictions and aspirations instead of in realities, that his mansion was in truth in the skies and not on the terrestrial globe, and that, like a soap bubble, he only mounted higher than his brother mortals because he happened to be less weighted with brains. The danger of the temperament which makes people cry out for ballast is that it constantly misleads them into the dreadfully common blunder of supposing that mere heaviness or dulness or even absence of brain is tantamount to ballast, and is the guarantee for straight and steady sailing. And, as a matter of fact, there are a great many sets and circles of folk where to say of anybody that he is a clever man is to fasten on him at the same moment the imputation of being a creature liable to be tossed to some spiritual Davy Jones's locker by the first heavy wind that should seize him—like a ship setting forth with all manner of gay flags and pennons, and a crowd of ornamental packages on deck, but without a ton of stuff down in the hold. He who is weighty with dulness is supposed to possess, in the long run, a clear superiority in the wear and tear of life over the quick-headed man—an opinion whose wide acceptance can only be explained by the notorious fact that people will suffer themselves to be misled into believing things, on the strength of a metaphorical expression, which they would not think of believing if they went straight to life for their opinions. All sorts of notions of solidity and safety and steadiness have gathered round the name of ballast; dulness and ponderosity are identified with ballast; *argal*, the heavy man must be solid and steady and safe. Actual observation would rather show that excess of heaviness is less to be relied upon for keeping a man out of scrapes and misfortunes than intellectual acuteness is to be relied upon for extricating him from them, even if it has been the means of plunging him in. To take an instance from the high historic region, Louis XI. was extraordinarily wanting in reticence, unfailing self-control, solid veracity, and most other qualities which are believed to be essential to the success of a man's schemes; he constantly betrayed himself into serious blunders, yet so remarkable was his adroitness in pulling himself out, that when he had done so he seemed to be in a better position than safer men would have held if they had made no blunders. And on a lower plane of action one may see the same thing. Men who, to the cool eye of prudence, seem to be utterly devoid of steadiness and solidity of purpose, yet by dint of exceeding dexterity and intrepidity of mind scale high peaks of success to which persons more heavily ballasted would never dream of aspiring. Does not one see successful men in abundance who, so far from humbly courting Fortune, daily with her as masters, and defy all the rules which the wise have laid down for those who would win her favours? They throw up safe certainties in the way of income and office, mark out careers for themselves such as no prudent man ever marked out before, plunge into unexplored courses, and embrace unpopular causes, yet at the end it appears as though they had made for their goal as straight as the crow flies, and as steadily as a locomotive on a railroad. Of ballast in the usual sense they give no sign of having ever possessed a single ounce. Notwithstanding, if ballast be the condition of success that people are fond of supposing it to be, they must have had at least some efficient substitute for it.

And indeed it is clear that steadiness of purpose and real soberness of view may be secured either by heaviness of soul, or by swiftness and precision of sight, through which a man steering straight to aims visible enough to himself appears in the blinder eyes of neighbours to be drifting away into the clouds. Prudence obviously depends on a man's power. It is very rash in a weak person to strain himself by walking thirty miles the first day of his tour, though a strong one might do it without receiving any hurt. So in more important branches of conduct than pedestrianism. What would be mere flightiness in mediocrity is cool sagacity in genius; what would be windy madness in a man without a strong will and a clear intelligence becomes the plain and direct path to another man with them. This is true in all sorts of fields—in politics, trade, authorship, and everything else in which there is room enough for us to measure the difference between a big man and a little one. To possess a due stock of ballast is, after all, only to have a due knowledge of oneself, one's own powers and position, and of the conditions of the task to be achieved. No one virtue—not prudence, nor circumspection, nor thrift, nor perseverance—contains an adequate account of what it is that one understands or

ought to understand by ballast. Not even the union of all these is an adequate account of it. It is possible to be very thrifty and very persevering, and so forth, and still to be wrongly ballasted; because even virtues, unless they are in nice proportion and of just application to the circumstances, are not any more likely to lead one to a successful end than so many downright vices. If a man has got into a bad groove, everybody will admit that ballast in the shape of perseverance, or the quality of not knowing when he is beaten, only does him harm. Yet it often happens that what looks like flightiness is in fact only wise and dexterous shifting out of a groove whose goal is more visible to the apparently flighty than to the apparently sage person. The only property on which you can confidently rely is clearness and acuteness of understanding, because this cannot exist in excess; whereas steadiness, not seldom a euphemism for sheer ponderosity of intelligence, may easily reach such a quantity in a man as to hold him back from moving, or even to sink him.

Generally, perhaps, the complaint of want of ballast resolves itself into an accusation against the will; it is the will which is caught and tossed about by the winds either of passion or of intellectual caprice. One is at liberty, perhaps, according to the unwritten code prescribed by society for persons who aspire to its approval, to indulge in caprice of vision; but in caprice of purpose, never. To change your opinions, your notions of means, is not incompatible with success; nay, as we have seen, is sometimes an indispensable condition of it. The unpardonable sin is to waver in purpose, to hesitate among a fatal variety of ends. This is to be unballasted indeed. The man who desires one year to be a member of Parliament, the next to compose a philosophic treatise or to make a fortune in the City or to found a new religion, who never knows his own mind as to the kind of success which he either desires or is capable of achieving, this is the man whom the world rightly holds cheapest. Only a shade less ridiculous is the kindred spirit who, knowing what sort of fame or achievement he would like, and could reach with endeavour, is once or twice a year seized with what he takes for a philosophic estimate of the value of success—that is to say, is paralysed with the notion that the game is not worth the candle, and so gives rein to indolence or divided purpose. It is the waste in such a character as this, often the most admirable in other respects, that makes the moralists of the parlour cry out for more ballast in the world. Even here, however, there is some reason for thinking that the want is an intellectual defect, an imperfection of clear vision, which thus spreads into the moral region of the will.

BROKEN IDOLS.

CHILDREN are said to be much fonder of a broken doll than of a new one. Whether what phrenologists call the philogenetic instinct is brought out more strongly towards a toy that bears some mark of the owner's handiwork, though it be only the mark of destruction, or whether dolls are broken, as the boy smashed his watch, to see what they are made of, we cannot say. But the destructive instinct is at least as strongly ingrained in the juvenile mind as the constructive. More than half the pleasure of building a literal house of cards, unlike its metaphorical namesake, consists in the facility of throwing it down when it is built. A schoolboy enjoys tossing his old hat out of window almost as much as the possession of his new one. As years pass on, however, and the sober realities of life press upon us, this iconoclastic taste wears itself out. It is not merely that the conviction of "who breaks, pays," is forced upon us in a hundred different ways. That is true, of course, but it is only a part of the truth. We find that there is so much more breakage of various kinds done for us than we have any desire for, that the temptation to multiply the ruins strewn around our path becomes less than none. Old memories, old haunts, old habits, old friends, it may be, are dropped at every step, and even when we are able to replace them, we often feel something of the proverbial difficulty of putting new wine into old bottles. Men like the late Lord Brougham, who have seen three generations of men and outlived all their contemporaries, unless they are very fortunately circumstanced, or of a peculiarly happy disposition, feel this most keenly. But we all feel it in our measure as life goes on. And there is one form of the trial to which, indeed, all are liable, but to which those are most subject and most sensitive who have the largest capacities for the highest kinds of moral, as distinct from purely intellectual or physical, enjoyment. Every one need not be a hero-worshipper in the narrow sense of the word; but every one who is worth anything has certain ideals, or, as we may unamiably call them, certain idols, to which he looks up with admiration or reverence or affection. Those whose natures are the most finely strung are necessarily the most prone to indulge in this blameless idolatry, and so long as they have sufficient mental ballast to prevent its degenerating into mere prejudice or sentimentalism they are likely to be all the better for it. Like the "strange device" on the banner of the Alpine youth, it is a continual incitement to them to scale a loftier eminence on the heights of moral effort that stretch before them. But there is this disadvantage in having idols to worship, that some of them are certain to get broken. It may be very ennobling to the childish imagination to dream that the pine tops touch the sky, but sooner or later comes the poet's bitter disappointment of finding he is further off from heaven than when he was a boy. It may be said of course, that if our idols

are broken, it is our own fault for choosing wrong ones to begin with. But that is often our misfortune rather than our fault. And, besides, there may be a change in the object of worship, as well as in our estimate of it. The brazen serpent we are obliged to break may once have deserved our reverence. The command to adore what we have burned, and to burn what we have adored, is in any case one of the severest tests of obedience, but it need not also be a trial of our humility. If it is better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all, it may often, too, be well to have adored what we are at last obliged to burn.

The commonest and most obvious form of this trial is that suggested by Mr. Browning's touching poem "The Lost Leader." Let us not be misunderstood. It is easy enough of course to idealize some popular writer or statesman or divine of whom we have no personal knowledge, and then, if some accident brings us across his path, to feel bitter indignation or regret at finding our ideal rudely dispelled by the first contact with reality. But we had no right to build castles in the air without any materials for building, and have no ground for complaint when the airy fabric tumbles about our ears. Most likely we are as unjust in our censure as we were unreasonable in our anticipations. No one is a hero to his valet, and the slightest incongruity of manner or deportment will shatter in an instant a fanciful estimate of character generalized out of speeches or sermons. There was no sufficient ground either for making the idol or for breaking it. The case of the Lost Leader is a very different one. When a man we have long looked up to as a living witness of a grand principle, or the champion of a noble cause, suddenly turns round upon us, and belies all his antecedents by a base complicity with the very evils which he had seemed all his life to be protesting against, our faith, not only in him but in human nature, is rudely shocked. We feel ashamed through all our being, and are inclined to suspect that every man has his price, and that *nil admirari* is, after all, the only true philosophy. Yet it can hardly be denied that shocks of this sort are not at all uncommon. Few of us who are not exceedingly tolerant or exceedingly obtuse but must know something of this by experience. There are always, indeed, two explanations of the phenomenon, but it is hard to say which is the least satisfactory. We may have been mistaken all along, and our ideal hero may be but a subtle diplomatist, who was feeling his way to place or influence, and found it convenient to mount by a moral scaffolding which it was inconvenient to retain when once the end was reached. That is the average account of vulgar ambition, and it explains some careers which cannot be called vulgar. More than one of the tyrants of classical antiquity obtained, as the champion of freedom and patriotism, the power to make his countrymen his slaves. But when there is a conspicuous failure of high moral promise the explanation is usually a somewhat different one. Solomon says that those who hasten to be rich will not be innocent, and the proverb has a wider application than to mere material wealth. Men seldom act from motives that are absolutely unmixed. The most earnest reformers cannot altogether dissociate their own personal triumph from the triumph of the cause they have at heart. Even when great worldly sacrifices are made to an honest conviction, the very notoriety of the sacrifice is something of a reward. If this were all, there would be little ground for complaint while human nature remains what it is. The noblest enthusiast cannot help identifying himself more or less with the object of his enthusiasm; he measures the advance of his principles by his own success. It may seem at first sight but a slight and obvious transition to pass from identifying oneself with the principle for which one is contending to identifying the principle with oneself. But the difference is in reality infinite. When once the selfish motive has gained the ascendant, the whole character undergoes a subtle but radical transformation. Like all changes of character, it is gradual, but it is none the less complete at last. And then it becomes a mere matter of accident whether the public principle which had first been subordinated to private interest is not forgotten or denied. The lost leader who "breaks from the van and the freemen," and throws in his lot with the effete but still dominant falsehoods which it had once seemed his mission to confront and crush, though his life were the price of victory, has purchased by the betrayal of principle an inglorious success. He was not a hypocrite in the days when he was followed and honoured by those who made him their "pattern to live and to die." He was upheld then, through honour and dishonour, by the strength of a great conviction, and was fighting with singleminded enthusiasm in the service of a righteous cause. He still seems to himself to be striving for a public object—perhaps he would say that he was pursuing the same ends as before, though by more practicable methods—but he is simply fighting for himself. The "handful of silver," or "the riband to stick in his coat," are the baits for coarser minds; but in some shape or other the proffered bribe has been accepted, and the recreant knight has passed to the armies of the alien. His old adherents may struggle long against the growing weight of evidence. They may feel that "life's night begins" when it is certain that he has left them. But the cruel truth is forced upon them at last. They find that they have leaned on a broken reed, and they must be content to bear the scars where it has pierced their head. For the broken idol can no more be set up again than Dagon when he fell before the Ark. The confidence so terribly forfeited can never be recovered. We may hope, with the poet, to meet our hero "pardoned in heaven," but in this life the separation is final. It is just one of those cases, like the

death of those we love, where all consolation seems a mere conventional mockery, and the best advice that can be given is the trite suggestion not to despair of human nature, and to hope for better luck next time.

There is another way in which people suffer from the loss of broken idols, when they deserve less compassion. In this case it is not the individual ideal that has failed them, but the abstract. They have set up, not a hero, but a theory to worship, and they discover that it won't hold water, and are disgusted accordingly. Either the theory was wrong or inadequate, or they expected too much, as often happens, from the mass of its living representatives. Perhaps the strangest instance of this kind of idolatry is the Comtian worship of Humanity. If the term is a pure abstraction, it has so little meaning that one hardly sees how it can elicit any sentiment at all. But if it means mankind collectively, a single walk through the streets of London presents so many unpleasing phenomena that it must require a considerable imaginative effort to reconcile them with the wholesale worship of the species. This is an extreme case, no doubt. Let us take some more intelligible abstraction, such as freedom or Protestantism. Both ideas have played an important part in the world's history, and have evoked the most resolute effort and the keenest enthusiasm. Yet there can be no doubt that many who have idolized them have found the idols shiver to pieces in their grasp. Freedom is a glorious idea as realized at Thermopylae or Salamis, and it is very gratifying to our national self-complacency to tell ourselves that we are not as other men, not even as those Frenchmen and Spaniards, and that Britons never have been and never will be slaves. But there is a reverse to the picture. Robespierre and Danton and Mirabeau professed to fight under the banner of liberty no less than Leonidas, and their professions were not wholly insincere. Or, to come nearer home, the railings of Hyde Park were smashed under similar auspices. Yet there are ugly associations connected in the minds of most people with the Reign of Terror, and, in a lesser degree, with the crusade of Messrs. Beales and Bradlaugh. Take Protestantism again, and, putting aside all matters of theological controversy, nobody can doubt that it has been one grand factor of the moral and intellectual life of modern Europe. The sternest opponents of his creed need not fear to offer the tribute of their admiration to the energy of Luther, or to recognise the force of his appeal to all that was best and truest in the distinctive character of his countrymen. Yet our childish ideal of Protestantism, as embodying all that is lovely and of good report, nurtured perhaps on Foxe's *Martyrology* and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is liable to some very rude shocks if we inquire too closely into the acts or the avowed principles of some of the greatest Protestant leaders, to say nothing of Murphyite riots and the like, which ostentatiously range themselves under the same flag. It does not follow from these things—that Protestantism is false, or freedom a mistake. But it does follow that our idolatry has been too indiscriminate, and we have to pay the penalty of worshipping an ideal which will not bear testing by the inexorable logic of facts. It was partly our own fault for generalizing too rapidly, but few mistakes are more frequent, because few are more unconscious, especially with the young, than to gauge the truth of a principle by the consistency of its advocates. The tree, indeed, may be known by its genuine fruits; but trees of liberty, and other trees besides, are doomed to bear many fruits that are not their own.

When our broken idol is an exaggerated principle, or a principle discredited by the shortcomings of its professed champions, we cannot expect the same commiseration as when our chosen heroes have failed us in the hour of need. There is nobody to blame but ourselves, though the mistake may be an excusable, and in some sense even a creditable, one. On those numerous cases where we have simply set up a false or fanciful ideal, and are obliged, like Don Quixote, to learn our error by a slow and painful process of tilting against windmills, there is little need to dwell. We have deliberately blundered with our eyes open, and we are justly punished for it. Experience is a stern teacher, but there are many who refuse to profit by any gentler methods of instruction. But, when the broken idol is indeed a dethroned divinity, and our only fault was in trusting too entirely where doubt seemed both treacherous and foolish, we may reasonably claim the sympathy of all who can understand that it is better to run the risk of being deceived sometimes than to disbelieve altogether in the reality of human excellence.

THE STARRING SYSTEM IN LITERATURE.

SHILLING magazines illustrate some curious peculiarities of the modern literary world. For one thing, they show the imitative nature of publishers. Ten years ago the genus had not been discovered. *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill Magazine* showed the way, and since then the shilling magazines have sprung up like mushrooms. How it happens that the struggle for existence does not kill them off more rapidly is amongst those mysteries of trade into which it is not given to profane outsiders to pry. We can guess, indeed, with more or less vagueness at the particular expedients upon which they rely for attracting notice. One, for example, has a more detestable set of flashy engravings than can easily be found elsewhere. Another takes the line of thrilling stories, and leaves an un-

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solved mystery at the end of each section as a bait to induce us to look into the next, on the principle on which some newspapers adopt the simpler plan of giving a double acrostic and the answer to it in successive numbers. Another takes a high moral tone, and supplies matter fit for the Sunday reading of Evangelical families. These plans are obvious enough, and we must call them beneficial or injurious to the public taste, according as we suppose that they make those read who never read before, or that they supplant reading of a more solid kind. It is perhaps better that the intellectual mill should be set to grind mere chaff and husks than nothing at all, though it is most unfortunate that chaff and husks should be substituted for good farinaceous food.

Another plan which has lately become popular suggests some wider considerations. It has been lately discovered that one of the best expedients for floating a magazine number is to get Mr. Tennyson to write a poem. It matters little, apparently, whether it is a short stanza, or an elaborate and highly finished work. The great thing is to have an opportunity of advertising, on every hoarding in London and at every railway station throughout the kingdom, that the Poet-Laureate is a contributor to the lucky periodical. His name must meet our eye in every variety of gorgeous and gigantic letters that the genius of the "champion bill-poster" can invent. Doubtless, as the art of advertising advances, new means will be found of giving publicity to the fact. We shall have tract-like papers insinuated into our hands in the street, to tell us that Mr. Tennyson has composed two new stanzas; his name will confront us as we travel in hansom cabs; and probably it may be painted on the spot consecrated to reminiscences of Warren's blacking, the base of the Great Pyramid. It would be gratifying to see the intensity with which we pay homage to the first of living poets, if only the homage took a more graceful form. His name must, in the favourite phrase of penny-a-liners, be enshrined in the bosoms of his countrymen when it competes for a place with Mappin's Razors and Thorley's Food for Cattle. Mr. Tennyson's last new poem seems, if we judge from what we see in our streets, to be as potent a cause of popular excitement as the arrival of the Japanese jugglers and the appearance of the hairless horse at the Crystal Palace. And yet fame blowing so noisy a trumpet may perhaps be a little repulsive to the delicacy of a poetical imagination. There is no reason indeed, it may be urged, why Mr. Tennyson should not publish his poems in a magazine as well as anybody else. He is in no degree responsible for the advertising energy of his publishers. There is, it is true, a danger of overdoing the thing, as far as his own profit is concerned. After such a flourish of trumpets to herald the appearance of mere trifles, the public may become rather deadened to the publication of his more serious efforts. When the time comes, as every lover of poetry must hope it will soon come, for another volume of highly-finished poetry, it will not find our appetite so keen as would otherwise have been the case. The advertising system only means that his reputation is being discounted, and that a great price has been obtained for small specimens of his art, to the detriment of public interest in the more complete gallery. Of this, however, Mr. Tennyson is the best judge; he can doubtless take care of his own dignity; and, whatever may be the merits of his last poem, it at least bears no traces of having been prepared with undue haste for temporary effect. It is as carefully finished as if no such thing as a popular magazine even existed, and as if great poems were still written for the love of poetry, and their copyright sold for five pounds.

It is, therefore, rather of the system than of any particular case that we desire to speak. Mr. Tennyson began his career many years before such a system could ever be thought of, and he formed his style too thoroughly to be in much danger of being affected by it. But the influence of the practice upon younger men is more questionable. It illustrates very forcibly one of the great obstacles in the way of modern art of all kinds. Not long ago the great difficulty was that a man of genius could hardly obtain recognition; he had to write for years, in spite of discouragement, and could then only look forwards to a trifling reward. Now the difficulty is that he can hardly avoid premature recognition; there are so many people anxious to get the credit of discovering rising talent, that they will not give it time to rise. There is still a sort of traditional horror of the sneering critic who goes about blighting young hopes, and bidding an ardent young Keats go "back to his gallipots." The gushing school of criticism has proved itself at least equally dangerous. The young Keats is not nipped in the bud, but is put at once into a forcing-house. Every clever young man gets a little band of worshippers who, in praising him, praise their own critical discrimination; they have found the pearl where the cynics saw nothing but the decaying oyster, and they take wonderful credit to themselves for their geniality and open-mindedness. The consequence is that, whenever we find a real genius, we set about spoiling him, and a poetical genius is more quickly spoilt than any other. It is melancholy indeed to observe how many reputations of great promise have collapsed in a few years. First novels, for example, are notoriously often the best, and partly for this reason. A man first writes a story to recall lively impressions of what he has seen and felt; a number of enthusiastic critics assure him that he is a brilliant light of English literature, and of course he naturally tries to do the same trick again and to bring down the same rounds of applause. He acts like the ingenuous artist who, having painted the discovery of Harold's dead body, proceeds to look up

all the other dead bodies that have at different times been discovered in history, and works the cheerful vein of study from the discovery of the dead Abel by Adam and Eve down to the discovery of Theodore by Sir Robert Napier. Continuations of stories are proverbially failures, as may be exemplified by *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a very large number of the feebler works of eminent writers are produced in the same way. They are substantially repetitions, if not continuations; they are an attempt to produce consciously and in cold blood the effect due to spontaneous enthusiasm—to make a pump do the work of a spring. A young writer who had survived some good sharp criticisms, instead of being received with a chorus of ecstatic recognition, would be far more likely to strike out a new path and cease to supply colourless copies of his first success. This, however, is only one of the incidental evils of the puffing system. The wider evil consists in the unhealthy atmosphere to which the poet or artist is necessarily exposed. He is under a strong temptation to produce a startling new sensation at least once a month. A poet is treated by our magazines just as a race-horse is treated by ardent speculators on the Turf; the horse is run off his legs as a two-year-old, and started wherever he has a chance of making money, without the least regard to the permanent effects on his constitution. It must be admitted that the poetical organization is at least as delicate as that of the race-horse; it must be as trying to throw off a poem as to run a mile whenever you are called upon to do it; and it is as bad a thing for the poetical mind to be forced to make verses, with or against the grain, by the inducement of so much a line, as it is for the equine body to be driven into unnatural action by whip and spur. We must not be surprised if, under the influence of such a system, a poet of thoroughly ripened and matured faculties should become as rare as an aged race-horse is becoming at Newmarket. A real poet should accumulate reflection till he has something to say, should say it when the impulse comes to him spontaneously, and should afterwards polish his work to the highest possible degree; and these are precisely the things which are discouraged by the temptation to starring in a magazine. Wordsworth probably was injured by his too great isolation from the sympathies of his contemporaries, but there are many degrees between such a life and one passed amongst the incessant irritation of literary touts.

It may be said that the evil is almost inevitable under modern conditions of society. We are often told that we are all living in a feverish state of excitability, and tempted in a thousand ways to prefer making a few hours' sensation to the more enduring efforts necessary for a lasting reputation. If true, this would be poor consolation; but it does not seem to be the whole of the truth. There has surely never been a time at which the necessity of thorough and conscientious study in most departments of thought was better understood than it is now. No man, for example, could set up for being a great historian on the slender stock of information which was once considered sufficient. He must be prepared by severe and systematic labours before he can even gain a right to be heard; and the same may be said, with equal truth, of any kind of scientific pursuit. The increase of knowledge in the world tends steadily to increase the demand for elaborate preparation. A poet who would speak the mind of his age should be, if anything, familiar with a wider sphere of knowledge than his predecessors. He should possess a more thoroughly cultivated mind if he is to be the spokesman of an age to which larger stores of thought are open. To be a Goethe a man must be familiar with many ideas that were unfamiliar to Shakespeare; which partly explains why it is more difficult to be a first-rate poet now than formerly. And the particular evil of which we have spoken seems to indicate a more special source of temptation than any general tendency of the time. It is a peculiarity of English society that there are more people who read superficially in proportion to those who study deeply than in any other country except the United States. The mass of readers who support magazines want amusement, but are not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate thorough cultivation in others. Thus we are suffering from the misfortune that our best writers are strongly tempted to appeal, not to the best judges, but to a class who are not qualified even to pay respect to the best judges. It would be chimerical to hope that the general body will ever be raised to such a pitch of cultivation as to be good critics for themselves; but if Englishmen are ever decently educated, in a wide sense of the word, they may possibly learn to look up to the real leaders of thought. When that happy period arrives, men of genius will be less tempted to desert the higher road to fame to secure the applause of the half-educated crowd. Even as it is, Mr. Tennyson himself and Mr. Browning have shown that poets may have enough faith in their powers to wait for a comparatively distant verdict; but under present circumstances the magazines distinctly tempt a rising young man to snatch at notoriety, instead of patiently looking for a higher recognition of his merits.

DOMESDAY.

WE pleaded some while back for a new *Codex Diplomaticus*. We wished, above all things, for some scholar to take the early Charters in hand with an especial reference to the pieces of personal history contained both in the body of the Charters and in their signatures. Mr. Kemble, we said, had done much for places,

but no one had as yet given much attention to persons. Whether the Master of the Rolls or the Delegates of the Clarendon Press will ever be got to undertake such a work we know not, but, if they do not, it will not be for lack of scholars perfectly able to do the work for them. As the poet says of the Civil Law,

Βιβλον Ἰουστίνιανός ἀνάξ τεχνήσατο τύρδε,
Ἡν ρά Τριβωνανός μεγάλφ κάμι παμβασλῆ.

Give us only a Justinian to devise, and we can point to more than one Tribonian quite able to carry out the device.

We may seem to be laying a superhuman burden upon the shoulders of an already overworked scholar, when we say that he who undertakes the Charters must in a certain sense undertake Domesday also. No two things ever more completely illustrated one another. And each is a mine of wealth which, after all the labour which has been given to it, is still in many ways untouched. For Domesday Kelham did a vast deal in the last century. His work evidently forms the groundwork of that of Sir Henry Ellis, which, besides introducing much new matter, puts Kelham's materials into a more available shape. As a local explorer of Domesday, we cannot name a better than Mr. Jones of Bradford-on-Avon, whose work on the Domesday of Wiltshire we reviewed some time back. But there is still a vast deal to do, especially in that personal way of which we more particularly speak. Kelham and Sir Henry Ellis have opened the door; but some one is wanted to go in and do the work thoroughly.

Domesday is indeed a wonder, almost a miracle. One can hardly look at it without feeling some share of that mysterious awe with which its author was looked on by his own contemporaries. It is the Conquest, or rather it is the Conqueror himself, set before us in black and white. The idea of producing such a living picture of his whole kingdom was truly worthy of the mighty genius of William the Great. The conception is one, under the circumstances, at least equal to the conception of Justinian. The conception of Justinian was simply to carry out in greater perfection the conceptions of those who had gone before him. Generations of able lawyers had been for ages collecting the raw material, and the example of putting their labours into something like shape had been set by the Theodosian Code. But the conception of William, if less grand, permanent, and scientific than that of Justinian, was distinctly more original. We know of nothing earlier than itself, in England or out of England, which could have suggested the idea of Domesday Book. The work had never been done before, and, in the ages that have passed, it has never been done so thoroughly again. We know also the very natural horror and prejudice which were awakened by the searching inquiries needed for its composition. "It is a shame to tell what he thought it no shame to do," says the contemporary Chronicler in his graphic description of the work. No doubt this dislike partly arose from the feeling that a foreign Conqueror was in fact drawing up the record of his Conquest, that one grand result of the inquiry would be to set forth in an imperishable shape how vast a portion of the soil of England had passed into the hands of the foreign King and his foreign followers. But this was not all. We may be sure that, in those days, an inquiry of this sort would have been enough to ruin the popularity of the most popular of native kings. Probably only a Conqueror would ever have thought of it; probably only the Conqueror could have carried it out. But William did carry it out, and he is worthy of all admiration for so doing. The execution is, on the whole, worthy of the conception. The difficulties in the way of carrying out such a work must have been enormous. It must have needed the co-operation of men of both nations. William's immediate agents would doubtless be mainly Normans, but they must have employed or examined countless Englishmen, and, besides the probable mutual feelings of national dislike, they had to get over the difficulties of their own no doubt very imperfect knowledge of the laws, customs, and tongue of Englishmen. That they made the same sort of havoc of English names which Frenchmen do to this day is in no way wonderful. Perhaps the wonder is that the havoc was not greater than it is. The names of places are on the whole fairly represented; no doubt special care was taken on that point. It is before the names of English men and women that they seem to have fairly broken down. Almost every Old-English name is spelled in as many ways as Shakespeare's name was spelled in his own time. We are afraid to say how many shapes are taken by the Queen Dowager, or, as we should rather say, the Old Lady. Eadgyth she was then; Edith she would be now; but in Domesday she is Eddid, Eddeva, countless other things. But on the whole the Domesday spelling of English names, which is evidently phonetic, leads to the same belief which is suggested by other evidence, namely that the pronunciation of the eleventh century differed much less widely from modern English than the spelling differs. For instance, when men could write Eddid, as above, and Eddiet, for Eadgyth, Alveva for *Ælfgrifus*, Godeva for Godgifu, and again Tainus for Thegn and the like, we see that the sound of the *y*, which we have now wholly dropped, must have already become very faint, probably taking the intermediate form of *y*, as in modern Greek and in some spoken dialects of English. And, if William's Commissioners broke down before the English proper names, they seem also to have carried on their work without perfect systematic agreement with one another. For instance, it is not easy to see on what principle the entry or non-entry of parish churches was carried out. It is quite impossible to believe that the few churches mentioned in Domesday

could have been the whole of the parish churches of England at the time. There may have been some rule, perhaps dependent in some way on the nature of the priest's endowment; but it is at least a rule which does not show itself at all clearly, and one can hardly avoid the suspicion that caprice or accident had something to do with it. This may perhaps somewhat lessen our confidence in the record as an authority for mere statistics. We do not mean to doubt the accuracy of such entries as we have, but we do very much doubt their completeness. The Chronicler complains in the bitterness of his heart that there was not an ox or a cow or a pig but King William set it down in his writ. We cannot help thinking that a good many kine and swine escaped unregistered. In such an age it was not likely that statistics should be accurate. The thing to be admired is that in such an age any one should have thought of statistics at all.

But it is to the personal aspect of Domesday that we wish to call special attention. The record is anything but dry and lifeless. It sometimes gets almost as lively as those odd comments by which the Registrar-General still lights up the dryness of his own kindred researches. First of all, as might be expected, Domesday takes a very decided line in politics. Some American said that there were two ways of managing men, by bamboo and by bamboozle. William was no mean master of the art of bamboo, but he was a still greater master of the art of bamboozle. He had thoroughly learned how much may be done by simply saying a thing boldly and repeating it often. He forestalled the arithmetical juggles which created a Louis the Eighteenth and a Napoleon the Third, and the fiction of our own law by which the first year of the reign of Charles the Second is called the twelfth. In the view of Domesday King William was the lawful and immediate successor of King Eadward. He undoubtedly had to come from foreign parts to take possession of his kingdom; we read how "Rex Wilfelmus venit in Angliam," but this might be said of George the First, of Charles the Second, or of that sanctified person King James himself. It is only by little hints here and there that we find out that there was any more armed opposition to his coming than there was in the other three cases. We hear ever and anon how the former owners of certain lands died in the "bellum apud Hastings." In one case a man of Essex (Essex f. 14) is recorded to have gone out to fight by sea against King William, but this might only have been as certain unnatural rebels went out to fight by land against King George at Preston Pans. He came back, seemingly wounded, and gave a lordship to Saint Peter of Westminster, and we are significantly told how St. Peter kept it without any kind of authority from King William, "postquam Rex venit in istam terram." That there ever was a King Harold is implicitly denied throughout the book. Norman Chroniclers, even those most bitter against Harold, do not scruple to give a King *de facto* the title of "Rex." The Survey, as becomes a legal document, is more precise. We might as soon expect an Act of Charles the Second to recognise His Highness the Lord Protector. "Heraldus Comes" is constantly spoken of, but "Heraldus Rex" never. Once only, or rather twice in one page, do we find something like the titles of royalty given to the usurper. To be sure he is not called King, but it oozes out that he somehow or other reigned. One Leman in Hampshire (fol. 38) seems to have had his lands confiscated to the Crown in Harold's reign, an act which may very likely have been simply the ordinary course of justice. In Domesday we read of one lordship that "Heraldus abstulit ei quando regnum invasit," and of another "Heraldus quando regnabat abstulit ei." One cannot help thinking that this last entry at least was made by a hand fresh to the work, who had not thoroughly learned his lesson.

These two entries are examples in another way of a tendency which runs throughout Domesday—namely, an anxiety to put every act of Harold's in an unfavourable light. Harold, like every other eminent man of his time, was involved in controversies about lands with churches and religious houses. The charters and local histories are full of such stories about everybody—not only about sinners like Godwine and Harold, but about holy men like Leofric, Waltheof, Saint Eadward himself. All of them appear, in this or that story, as robbers of the Church. That is to say, the monks or other churchmen told the story their own way, and of course in the way unfavourable to the layman. It is only here and there that we get the layman's version, which enables us to see that there are two sides to the story. Plenty of such disputes are spoken of in Domesday, but it is only when Harold is concerned that the transaction is invariably and pointedly spoken of as unjust. We hear of Harold in Domesday, as we hear in the Worcester Cartulary of Eadward, seizing church lands by violence; but the chances are that the Founder of Waltham and the Founder of Westminster would each have had something to say for himself. In one case we distinctly find that the supposed act of violence was really an exchange. Harold gave the churchmen a "commutatio," but Domesday takes care to tell us that it was an "iniqua commutatio."

Another entry is more amusing, because it has nothing to do with the Church, but its *animus* clearly is to represent Harold as cheating King Eadward. A lordship in Surrey (fol. 32) was held by Harold of the King. Before Harold held it, it paid tax for twenty-seven hides, but after Harold got it it paid only for sixteen "ad libitum Heraldi." The men of the hundred, we are told, knew of no authority for the diminution. Such at least we take to be the meaning of the words "Homines de hundrede

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"numquam audierunt nec viderant"—the old formula for those who could read for themselves and those who had things read to them by others—"brevem ex parte Regis qui ad tantum posuisset." Here, as we cannot cross-examine, we cannot decide; but Harold, as Earl and as King, had the advantage that he might pay his conscience-money to himself, and was not obliged to send it to a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

We might mention many other curious entries touching both the great men of the day and also smaller people. The latter, if they do not illustrate the politics of the day, at least illustrate its manners and feelings. In one case we find, what we should hardly have looked for, a nuncupatory will given at length. Nothing was more common in those days than for men to hold lands of Bishoprics or monasteries for one or more lives, granted for certain services or actually paid for in money. A godly and scrupulous holder was naturally anxious that, when the term of the lease was up, the estate should go back to its owner. But these good intentions were sometimes thwarted by rapacious heirs. In fol. 177 we have a Thegen named Wulfwig, who seems to have been the father either of Bishop Lyfing of Worcester or Bishop Leofwine of Lichfield; the entry "Epo Li." looks more like Lyfing, though Leofwine seems more likely in itself. He bought the lordship of Berkeley in Worcestershire of the See of Chester (Lichfield) for three lives. On his death-bed he seems to have wished to gain the merit of a benefactor by giving up one life, and so letting the Church resume possession earlier. If the Bishop was his own son, we may not think the sacrifice so remarkable. So he called his wife, his son the Bishop, and several friends, and made them this speech. "Audite vos amici mei; hanc terram, quam ab ecclesiis emi, volo ut teneat uxor mea dum vixerit, et post mortem ejus recipiat ecclesia de qua accepi, et qui inde abstulerit excommunicatis sit." The record adds, "Hoc ita fuisse testificantur meliores homines totius comitatus." But, alas, at the Survey the lordship was held neither by the widow of Wulfwig nor by the church of Lichfield; "Willelmus filius Ansclifi tenet de Rege."

This is only a specimen of the numberless personal entries, touching people great and small, which are dotted about the Great Survey. We wish to call attention to this aspect of Domesday, as life-like touches of this sort really teach us quite as much as more solemn inquiries into the position of Bordarii and Cottarii.

THE STREETS OF LONDON AND PUBLIC MORALS.

A VERY useless wrangle has taken place as to the comparative morality of our current literature and current morals relatively to those of other times and other places. It is a small matter whether the press or public amusements are more or less licentious now than they were a century or half a century ago, or whether to Paris or to London is to be awarded an ugly pre-eminence in immorality. The question for us to consider is twofold—first, a political inquiry whether, with a due regard to private liberty, anything can be done to check public disorder, and to prevent the open exhibition of motives and incentives to crime; and next, there is the practical question whether such safeguards and protections to decency and general order as the English law has provided are enforced and carried out by those who are the official guardians of decency and order? We are not desirous to write a sensational article, or to talk with a didactic smirk that mischievous talk about vice which, in exposing its hideousness, dwells with something of a lingering leer on its congenital nastiness. Rather we would ask attention to certain indisputable facts of experience, and we only intend to refer to general principles of public policy which are of the broadest kind, and inseparable from civilization as understood in every European State. In this country we have a whole body of legislation, passed with unanimous assent, and directed to secure public decency; not with a view of inculcating moral virtues by Act of Parliament, but for the security of the subject; not so much to punish vice as to prevent crime. It was not for the purpose of punishing obscenity that Lord Campbell's Act was passed, but because the sale of indecent books not only corrupted private morals, but led indirectly to breaches of public peace and order. The London theatres are regulated, and improper plays and exhibitions are prohibited in which vice and violence are glorified, because such spectacles directly encourage and suggest the commission of crime. Private libels are punished, not because they are an offence against the Christian law of charity, but because they tend to a breach of the peace. It is for our own interest, far more than from any duties that bind us to correct or amend our sinful brother's character, that we entrust the police with large powers. Bearing in mind this principle, and only looking at their incidence on the general security of life and property, we propose to call attention to certain flagrant public abuses. Purposely we argue the matter on the lowest grounds.

Everybody has heard of Lord Campbell's Act, and is quite familiar with its object. Occasionally, in spasmodic contortions of vitality, the police enforce it; and wherever and whenever it is appealed to, it answers its purpose. But its action is intermittent; a long period of rest follows an explosion of zeal. Just now this Act is, as far as London goes, a dead letter. Holywell Street literature is not only a phrase, but a very visible and palpable fact of the day. At the present moment the dung-hill is in full heat, seething and steaming with all its old pestilential fume. It requires but a short walk, and a brief glance at

the windows of this unsavoury den, to know what is going on, and in all the rampant insolence of the most extreme publicity. There can be no mistake about the wares exhibited, or their character or their profusion. Six shops in Holywell Street and three in Wych Street at the present moment exhibit books and pictures, and filthy wares of all unspeakable kinds, in the most open way, and without the slightest attempt at disguise or concealment. We are not saying a single word about other and more insidious ways in which the sale of obscene books is promoted, but only of public offences, and direct violations of the law, in the most crowded streets. We speak of what is going on in the most public thoroughfares of London—that is, of a state of things open, palpable, and undeniable, which anybody may prove, and which involves the clearest offences against the plainest law, and might be put a stop to in a single day; but which, as a matter of fact, the police take no notice of. And in the simplest language we ask why this is so, and who is responsible for the neglect?

Again—on the 20th of August, 1867, an Act was passed for the regulation of sundry matters connected with the security and decency of the streets of London. This Act has been some five or six months in operation. One of its clauses provides that, under a penalty, "no picture, print, board, placard, or notice, except in such form and manner as may be approved by the Commissioners of Police, shall, by way of announcement, be carried or distributed in any street by any person riding in any vehicle, or on horseback, or being on foot;" this does not apply to the sale of newspapers. This law seems to be plain enough; its object was avowed, and is notorious. It was meant not only to stop advertising vans and monster bills generally, but to give the Commissioners of Police authority to suppress and prohibit announcements likely to injure morality. Now, as a matter of fact, for the last six months placards and advertisements of a publication called the *Confessional Unmasked*, which has been convicted of being obscene and filthy, have been exhibited in the most open place in London—Trafalgar Square—and the pamphlet itself has been publicly sold there. If at this moment it is not on sale in the streets, two other publications—the *Awful Disclosures of Sister Lucy*, and Hogan's *Auricular Confession and Nunneries*—are placarded and sold publicly in Trafalgar Square, both which works emanate from the Protestant Electoral Union, which also publishes the *Confessional Unmasked*. These two publications contain the advertisements of the *Confessional Unmasked*. One of them embodies the same sort of dirty controversy as the *Confessional Unmasked*, and to the circulation of books of this sort, and the lectures with which they are connected, the Manchester and Ashton riots and Murphyism are distinctly to be traced. These are the facts, from which we conclude either that the Secretary of State and Sir Richard Mayne have ascertained that the Police Act of 1867 does not apply, as it was intended to apply, to this class of advertisements and placards and works, which, besides being indecent, are calculated, as experience shows, to exasperate religious acrimony and to insult religious convictions, and so to produce a breach of the peace; or else that the Act does apply to them, and that, in its words, these particular placards have been submitted to and "approved by the Commissioners of Police"; or lastly, that Sir Richard Mayne has, as he certainly has, had his attention called to that public offence in the most public place of London, and that he has thought proper to do nothing. In each and every case, if the law does not apply—or, if applying, Sir Richard Mayne has either legalized the public sale of the *Confessional Unmasked*, or has not thought proper to enforce the law against it and its kindred nastiness—a serious and interesting question arises, which, however, for the present we leave as we find it.

Again, with reference to this same Police Act of 1867. It was generally thought that it applied, among other public abuses, to those so-called Anatomical Museums which are a peculiar disgrace to London, and the existence of which in Paris would not be tolerated for an instant; and unless our memory deceives us, in one instance, at the complaint of the authorities of King's College, one of these filthy dens existing last year in the Strand was actually suppressed by the police. As a matter of fact, two of the most public streets in London—Tichborne Street at the end of Regent Street, and Oxford Street—are polluted by these Museums. We are not going to describe these dens of filthiness and obscenity, because we have never been in them. But we have before us the synopsis of the Museum and of the lectures distributed gratuitously to passengers in the streets, and we have also the handbook to the Museum, "gratis to visitors." It is enough to say that no words can adequately describe these abominations, and no language can be too strong to denounce the cruel and mischievous suggestions which are embodied in the advertisements of the filthy quacks who in this way prey upon the terrors of their victims, who may be counted by thousands. That is to say, advertisements which the Act was passed to prohibit are openly and notoriously circulated in the streets of London. We are not disposed to waste our time by enlarging on what is so notorious, but here is this abominable system at work with the most undisguised publicity in the very centre of London, and in the fullest tide of notoriety. If it is all right and legal, and if there is no law which can touch these Anatomical Museums, the Secretary of State incurs every day fresh responsibility so long as he does not attempt to put a stop to the abomination, which would disgrace us in the eyes of the lowest savages; or, if these institutions and these advertisements are illegal, what are we to say of the Commissioner of Police? The law has been able to regulate the

night-houses, the law has reduced the Haymarket to some faint approach to decency; is the law powerless to check a public offence and scandal to which the open exhibition of hetairism in our streets, bad as that is, is as nothing?

Still referring to this last Police Act, we are aware that its provisions do "not apply to the sale of newspapers." If not, why not? Because it is supposed that there are other modes of preventing the open sale and advertisement of so-called newspapers which offend against public decency and order. This being so, we are led to ask whether a publication called the *Illustrated Police News* is beyond the reach of the law of England? This is a weekly publication, of which the sale is immense; and the slightest inquiry will satisfy the most incredulous as to its nature, and its results on public morality and decency. In every little street and at every little shop in London, and in all our large towns and cities, this hideous broadside is to be seen. Its specialty is to give a huge, coarse, flaunting woodcut of the popular crimes of the day. All the murders, violent robberies, criminal assaults, and deeds of blood are illustrated in the form which is most attractive to the youthful intelligence; and, as example is more efficacious than precept, the theory and practice of murder and burglary are made familiar by this edifying guide to the gallows. The recent murderous assaults in the City by mere boys have been distinctly traced to internal literature of this class; and as the Lord Chamberlain has, with a due regard to public morality, revived the edifying drama of *Oliver Twist*, three London theatres at once and during the present week—namely, the Queen's, the Victoria, and the Effingham—present the Artful Dodger and Mr. Sykes for the instruction and improvement in crime of Drury Lane, the New Cut, and Whitechapel respectively. London, south, east, and west, is thus impartially and liberally provided with the spectacle of crime presented on the stage in that very form which is most enticing to the classes who want no incentives to deeds of violence; and while a portion of the London theatre fulfils this noble purpose of corrupting the taste and depraving the imagination in public, it has allies in the London press who do their parallel work in the private recommendation of murder and obscenity. The taste for blood and beastliness is stimulated with an impartial contempt for all decency, and the last number of the *Illustrated Police News*, besides two stimulating portraiture of the murders at Dover and in Seething Lane, contains twenty-two advertisements of quack doctors and mediciniers, and the addresses in full of purveyors of merchandize of which the titles are sufficiently suggestive—"Secret Packs of Cards with French Figures; Pretty French Girls, highly coloured," &c.; to say nothing of announcements of penny editions of Bluekin, Black Bess, Turpin, Jack Sheppard, and other tales of the highwaymen. This sort of thing requires no tail-lashing or piling up tall talk, after the fashion of one of our contemporaries, the value of whose sermons on some of these subjects is slightly modified by the character of too many of its advertisements; but we may be permitted to remark in the tamest language that, if the art of government were not, as it is, almost lost in this country, it would be a noble task for the Legislature to attempt, while preserving the true liberties of the press in general, and of newspapers in particular, to check publications of which, if we were to characterize them only as demoralizing and obscene, we should be almost speaking in terms of eulogy. No doubt the day has gone by for establishing a censorship of the press, and public manners and public taste, if they are influenced by the press, influence the press. There would be no room for immoral and licentious publications were there no love of immorality and licentiousness. But to say this, and to acknowledge, as we must do, that it is chimerical to think of suppressing the literature of the slums and the brothel, is not altogether inconsistent with our claim that these publications should at any rate be dealt with as the law, and not a very severe law, directs.

Last of all, we must offer one word on the curious anomalies of the law which permits or authorizes such control as we possess over public decency. The law gives to a State official, the Lord Chamberlain, an antiquated and not very practical power of regulating the theatres; but music-halls are only liable to the ordinary regulation of the police, which at the best is uncertain, capricious, and unintelligible. It is not true to say, generally, that in Paris these things are done better than they are in London. Lascivious songs are permitted in France which would not be tolerated in London; on the other hand, the London Alhambra, which affects to be a very artistic place, exhibits every night a dance, the *cancan*, which even Parisian license has prohibited. Paris has, or had, its Thérèse; we have our and Paris's own Finette. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. But the curious thing is that while our censors of plays might, only they don't, banish *Oliver Twist* from the theatres, they would, only they cannot, restrain the Great Vances and the Jolly Nashes of the music-halls. The music-halls, and their entertainments, are not so much a matter of police as of public taste. The golden youth of London shops and London counting-houses must have the amusements which suit its education and intelligence. The "Chickaleary Cove," and "Champagne Charlie," and those charming idyls which celebrate the liberal loves of ideal barmaids and the venal charms of street-walkers, are, as they deserve to be, favourites with the music-halls. Carrion is the only food for buzz-fleas. We may, however, express a hope that what may, in the great economy of things, be suitable to one form of animal life, the coarse and vulgar taste of the Cockney man about town, should not be appropriated by another. If our young ladies are, too

many of them, somewhat over familiar with the dress, the manners, and the decorations of the *demi-monde*, our young gentlemen are rather too apt to rival, in bearing, tastes, and amusements, the frequenters of music-halls. It may be, and we trust that it is, a scandal, though it is vouched for by the "artist" himself, that "Jolly Nash" had the honour of singing "Racketty Jack" and the "Horseflesh Banquet" before the Prince of Wales. If this, or anything like this, suits the taste of those who call themselves patricians, we may look back with something like admiration to the days when young men of birth and education were at any rate men, though they called themselves, a century ago, Mohawks, or three-bottle men, or rejoiced in the names of Corinthians and Bloods in the later Georgian era. Whatever our grandfathers and fathers were, they did not cultivate the sordid vices and the stupid vulgarity and the dull emasculated profligacy of the present London music-hall. Whatever public indecency was of old, it was never so coarse or so debasing or so widely spread or so flaunting and impudent as at the present moment.

FENCING.

AMID the general and increasing popularity of athletic sports in England it is remarkable that one branch of them, which was formerly the most esteemed of all, has shown the faintest symptoms of vitality. *La science du très-bé, très-noble, très-honorab le et puissant exercice des armes*, as it is styled in one of the earliest treatises on the subject, has fallen on evil days, and the display of any enthusiasm for an art which our great-grandfathers considered as one of the highest accomplishments of a gentleman would probably be now considered, at least in a civilian, to be taken an eccentricity of character, or possibly a somewhat vulgar taste. Yet fencing is one of the most useful bodily exercises that ever were devised, and it is a mental exercise besides. To fence well requires ingenuity in devising and concealing plans of attack, close watchfulness of an adversary's play, and skill and readiness in penetrating and defeating his plans, and taking advantage of every false movement. The terms of the fencing-school are still used to describe purely mental conflicts, even by writers who hardly understand them. Fencing is moreover an essentially gentlemanly amusement. Indeed it is in some sort a method of instruction in politeness, for many relics of the formal courtesy of bygone times still linger in the fencing-school. The grave and elaborate movements of the salute which precedes a fencing "assault" are a quaint reminiscence of the days when the art of making a bow was taught "in five motions, for the use of persons of quality only."

In the French army the art of fencing has always been diligently cultivated, and our own military authorities have of late rather awkwardly encouraged it. In 1864 they set forth a small pamphlet for the use of Instructors in the army. Two publications intended for the same purpose had previously appeared. One was a complete and elaborate exposition of the art by Mr. George Chapman, the Honorary Secretary of the London Fencing Club, and one of the most skilful amateurs in Europe. The other was a small pamphlet by M. Pierre Prevost, a distinguished French professor of fencing, who has been for a long time settled in England. The Horse Guards, however, thought fit to entrust the preparation of the official work to a gentleman of high reputation as a teacher of gymnastics proper, but unknown in the fencing world. The work, when it appeared, certainly possessed the quality of novelty, but the theories of Bishop Colenso himself did not produce a greater commotion among the orthodox than one or two of the instructions contained in this system of fencing awakened among the votaries of that art.

The entertainment which is now designated by the translated title of "Assault of Arms" was introduced into England about the middle of the last century. Our forefathers were content with the humble title of a "fencing-match," but this is hardly comprehensive enough to include the displays of boxing, bayonet, dumb-bell, and sword feats, which are now generally included. The art of fencing in England was at a very low ebb when, rather more than a century ago, a gentleman of Leghorn, Signor Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, arrived in England from Paris, whither he had been sent by his father to see the world before entering upon a commercial life. A skilful swordsman, an expert horseman, and of singularly graceful and handsome presence, what befell him may be easily surmised. He was shortly married to an English lady, and, establishing himself in London as a Professor of Fencing and Equitation, he founded the school of arms known as Angelo's, which still exists in St. James's Street, and which he raised to a rivalry in reputation with the first schools on the Continent. Fencing matches became frequent and fashionable entertainments. Foreigners of distinction in the art were invited to these displays, and as many of them settled in England, and monopolized the Court patronage, the grumbling among the English brethren of the sword was, as may be supposed, considerable. The founder of Angelo's school was also the author of an elaborate treatise upon the art of fencing, copiously illustrated. The figures of this book are still referred to as a standard of grace wherever that quality is considered valuable in fencing; and if the plate which exhibits "la position pour la garde en quarte et le coup de quarte" be compared with the position of the "longe," as given at page 11 of the authorized book of instruction now used in the British army, it will be seen that there is a right way and a wrong way of making a longe in fencing, as well as of doing most other

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things. The old treatises on fencing deserve perusal for the quaint solemnity of their precepts and the endless minuteness of their rules. One of the most curious passages of the book before us may be described as important to gentlemen about to proceed to Italy. It explains how to deal with an assailant who comes upon one at night, according to the custom of the country, with a dark lantern and a sword. The beautiful series of plates, showing positions infinitely various, and all elegant, were for the most part the work of an engraver named Ryland, who afterwards applied his singular talent for his art to a less worthy purpose. Either this series of engravings or some other was finished by Ryland while under sentence of death for forgery, being respite for this purpose in order that he might leave some provision for his family.

The founder of Angelo's school of arms died in 1802, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He retained his bodily and mental powers so fully to the last that he continued to give lessons in fencing till a few days before his death. His son and grandson successively almost equalled him in length of days. Another proof that the master of the sword can defend himself against the scythe of Time is furnished by M. Léon Gillemann, who has been long known as one of the most accomplished *maitres d'armes* in London, and who served in the French army at the battle of Waterloo. It may be inferred from this fact that M. Gillemann is older than the present century, but those persons who saw him for the first time at an assault of arms given by himself at Willis's Rooms, last week, would infer that he was a dozen years younger. M. Gillemann may boast that he has seen both the sublime and the ridiculous in war; for he shared the ruin of the First French Empire, and he shared also the first abortive attempt at establishing the Second. He followed the eagle of one Napoleon at Waterloo, and he would have followed the eagle of another Napoleon at Boulogne, but, unfortunately, that noble bird winged its unerring flight in the direction of a sausage-shop. The story goes that M. Gillemann, having joined the present Emperor when he made his burlesque expedition from this country to France, was offered by the grateful Prince the post of a commissioned officer, but chose that of sergeant. In humility he found safety, for when the Prince's followers became prisoners all below the rank of officers were discharged, after a few days' detention. From that time M. Gillemann has engaged only in the mimic warfare of the fencing-room. The assault of arms at Willis's Rooms was arranged for the last public appearance of M. Gillemann, and the first of M. Simon, one of the most expert fencers of the modern school, who will occupy the post which was long held by M. Gillemann at the London Fencing Club. M. Simon is a soldier of the Crimea. Having waited till he was tired for promotion in the French army, he quitted it and turned fencing-master. The principal performers were assisted by other masters of fencing, by non-commissioned officers of the household cavalry, and by Mr. Harrison, who delights to call himself "professor" and "the strongest man in the world." The programme comprised assaults with rapiers, foils, sabres, sticks, and sabre against bayonet, boxing, and the usual feats with the sword. The reputation of M. Simon raised great expectations of his assault with Mr. Waite, which should have been one of the most interesting encounters of the afternoon. M. Simon had the advantage of youth and agility, to which the superior strength and reach of his opponent might be considered as equivalent. Unfortunately, the fencing was spoiled by over-anxiety on the part of each performer to get the better of the other. Each combatant was too wary to risk any but the simplest movements of attack and defence, which soon became monotonous from repetition. The play, though often wonderfully close and good, as frequently degenerated into a mere scramble for hits, and an interchange of thrusts which would have been fatal to both in a real encounter. The grand maxim of the art, which Molière has formalized in the words *donner et ne pas recevoir*, was entirely disregarded. The match with rapiers between M. Gillemann and Mr. Shury was close, rapid, and graceful, and showed in strong contrast the superiority of the older style of fencing in elegance of movement and position. To those who remember the fencing of these masters a score of years since, their recent display may have lacked something of former vigour, but it was still a most interesting and varied illustration of the resources of the art. The weapons used were the triangular duelling swords generally, but incorrectly, termed "rapiers" in England. The light, rigid Biscayan blade or small sword is of later date than the rapier, which was a cutting as well as a thrusting weapon; and the whole scheme of modern small-sword play is based upon the use of the triangular blade, although in practice quadrangular foil blades are used, on account of their greater facility of manufacture and consequent cheapness. But the increased neatness and accuracy of the play with the actual sword-blade is so remarkable as to strike the most inexperienced spectators, and these weapons are very commonly used in the fencing-schools of Paris. If a serious occasion should arise, the buttons are broken off and the points are sharpened, when all is ready for the duel—at least as far as the necessary tools are concerned. A *lesson de duel* is given by the professor, who takes a sharp weapon, while the aspirant is provided with a buttoned one. The experience gained in thus facing an unabated point is supposed to produce a greater degree of coolness and steadiness in the pupil—when he gets used to it. The contest of sabre against bayonet between Mr. Shury and Private Otterway of the 2nd Life Guards was less satisfactory. Otterway, whose stick-play and boxing were ex-

cellent, is deficient in the science of attack with the bayonet, and failed to bring out the real power of the weapon in his contest with so skilful a swordsman as Shury. But his defence was good and quick, and a cavalry soldier can hardly be expected to be quite at home with the peculiar weapon of the infantry. Those who remember the terrific force of the bayonet attack when it is wielded by a thorough master of the weapon will acknowledge that, with equal skill in the combatants, the chances are fearfully against the swordsman. If we wished to see the power of this weapon properly displayed, we should place it in hands which had grown familiar with the use of it in the Foot Guards. The play of bayonet against bayonet is highly interesting, but is very seldom exhibited at public assaults.

Of the feats with the sword little need be said, except that they were of the usual kind. The sheep was divided at a blow, being suspended for the purpose from a neat, and we had almost said a tasteful, gallows, by Corporal-Major Cornish, of the First Life Guards, whose *nonchalance* and absence of parade contrasted strongly with the elaboration which the great professor of strength, Harrison, bestowed upon the feats with the apple and hand-kerchief. The bar of lead was well and cleanly cut by the same hand, Cornish's. These tricks have very little to do with swordsmanship; but if the principles which they illustrate could be concisely explained, they would possess a much greater interest for the public, who, as it is, are simply spectators of a wanton destruction of property without the least idea of what is intended to be shown by it. Each feat ought to exhibit a different method of using the weapon. For instance, the cutting an apple upon the naked hand without injuring the flesh depends for its success upon the cut being given without the slightest drawing or oblique motion of the blade. It is possible, by direct pressure, to indent the skin considerably with the edge of a sharp razor without cutting the flesh, but this is a branch of study which the inexperienced public is strongly enjoined to avoid. The portion of these entertainments most attractive to the spectators is, undoubtedly, the boxing and single-stick, in which, whatever be our appreciation of the skill displayed, the result is at least unmistakeable. The thin lines of steel used in foil play have a motion too rapid for the unpractised eye to follow. The hits are too slight and sharp to be easily noticed, and even the slower movements of a contest with sabres give the effect rather of a juggler's dexterity than of the nearest imitation which can be safely attempted of a deadly combat. But the impression produced by the fracture of a stout ash stick on the palpitating ribs of a Life Guardsman is conclusive, at least as to the reality of the conflict; and the most indifferent spectator, when he hears the thud which accompanies the blow, or dodges to avoid the flying fragments of the stick, will be stirred with the spirit of the lines in Hudibras:—

For when he stabs or beats out brains,
The devil's in it if he feigns.

Still more of enthusiasm is excited by the contest with nature's own weapons, however encased with horsehair and leather. Is there an Englishman who can witness a boxing match without being conscious of the existence of an undeveloped faculty in his fists, which he has unaccountably neglected to improve? And when, after a vigorous counter-hit or sharply-contested rally, the face of the foe emerges from the scuffle, what words can picture its expression? The determined stereotyped smile which is demanded by the etiquette of the Ring remains, although wholly disarranged. The owner's efforts to preserve the amiable expression of his features unchanged causes them to assume a gaudy grin:—

As who should smile, and smile in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself to smile at anything.

But the skilful and good-tempered bout with the gloves between Mr. Blake and Private Otterway was far from any unpleasant disturbance, temporary or permanent, of countenance, and well deserved the applause which it received, especially from the ladies. The stick play by Waite and Cornish was particularly good. Waite in handling stick or sabre loses the stiffness of manner which clings to his foil-play, and it is no disparagement to him to say that his performances savour rather of the Life Guardsman which he was than of the fencing-master which he is. For style in fencing we should rather look to M. Gillemann, and for force and quickness to M. Simon. The chief honours of the assault belonged to these soldiers of Waterloo and the Crimea, the old glory and young glory of the fencing schools.

THE LEAGUE AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

MR. BEALES and Mr. Potter, after a protracted hibernation, have aroused themselves with the spring weather into a new life. St. James's Hall has during the last fortnight opened its impartial saloons to fervid orators of very opposite sentiments, and the stationary echoes have repeated with generous equanimity the glowing periods of bishops and demagogues, or rather of demagogues clerical and lay. From either side the people are appealed to; the Bishop of Oxford has been provoked into declaiming a No-Popery harangue, and for once Mr. Beales is on the same side, with a rattling appeal to the latent Puritanism of the British mind, which is not dead and scarcely sleepeth. The fine weather has also renewed out-of-door eloquence, and on Wednesday night the much-suffering lions of Charing Cross were startled by the

return of Mr. Potter and Colonel Dickson to the scene of their last year's triumphs. Merely as bystanders, we should say that meetings of this sort were not very likely to revive the credit of the Leaguers; and whatever view we take of the political crisis, it is not likely to be solved by the sort of appeal against Mr. Disraeli's Government which was urged in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Potter lays it down broadly that for the present Government to continue in office for a week after the late majorities on the Irish Church question is unconstitutional. The phrase is a convenient and elastic one, for in Mr. Potter's mouth to violate the Constitution only means what Mr. Potter dislikes. It is constitutional practice for a beaten Minister either to dissolve Parliament or to resign; but, according to Mr. Potter, the alternative of dissolution is unconstitutional. A broad formula of this sort saves trouble, and the working-man must not be encouraged by his leaders to enter on the thorny ground of the qualifications and limitations which in practice conceal or encumber a hasty generalization. The dispute between Mr. Disraeli and the Opposition is not about a Minister's abstract right to dissolve, which the Opposition does not deny, though Mr. Potter does, but as to the circumstances and conditions under which he avails himself of this privilege or duty or perquisite of office. Mr. Gladstone says, or we may suppose that he says, for his utterances on the subject are hazy, that it is so plain to common sense that the expectation of the constituencies reversing the verdict of the House of Commons is chimerical and illusory, that Mr. Disraeli's promised or threatened dissolution has no real ground of confidence or hope on which to support itself. This is intelligible, but it is by no means Mr. Potter's doctrine. Mr. Potter says that in no case ought a Minister to retain office when he is beaten in the House of Commons. To refer Mr. Potter to history is superfluous; for Mr. Potter would say that he is one of those choice spirits whose sublime function is to make history and precedents, not to be taught by them, still less to follow them. One would have thought, too, that a Parliament elected by household and lodger franchise—a Parliament the constitution of which was dictated by Mr. Potter and Mr. Beales—would be an authority more precious in the eyes of the League and the working-man than the old, moribund, effete, and worn-out institution, the creature and representative of the displaced middle-classes, which now holds office in Westminster. Mr. Potter ought to have confidence in the Parliament of the Future, and in that Parliament alone. He ought to be anxious to reserve for it the Irish Church question and every other question. The Leaguers, however, seem to be very cool about the Parliament whose existence will be due to themselves, and somehow their present enthusiasm for the existing Parliament does not seem to argue very great confidence in, or enthusiasm for, the first-born of the Revolution. Surely Mr. Potter might see that if the present Parliament, elected as it has been, is so worthy of confidence, and if its voice, as exhibited in the late majorities, is so trustworthy, it was not worth while to change it. Mr. Disraeli appeals to the new and Reformed Parliament, to the joint creation of himself and Mr. Potter; and a higher compliment could scarcely be paid to it by anticipation than Mr. Disraeli's offer to commit to it every new act of legislation. It is only Mr. Potter and his friends who seem to distrust and to discredit it.

There is another point of view in which we think Mr. Disraeli understands the principles of the Radicals better than the Radicals themselves. Mr. Disraeli objects to the capacity of the present Parliament to deal with the Irish Church, because the present Parliament was not elected with the case of the Irish Church specially and formally in view. This objection must proceed on the doctrine that the House of Commons is only a body of delegates sent up to Westminster, not to deliberate on affairs of State, but to register political conclusions dictated out of doors, or rather on the hustings. And, in entire harmony with this reading of the Constitution, Mr. Disraeli says that the new Parliament will meet fully instructed on this single and particular issue, and therefore its decision will be final and satisfactory. This, anyhow, is political teaching which ought to be acceptable to the Reform League and the Working Men's Association. This is the true American platform, and is simple democratic doctrine. It means that Parliament is a body of delegates, and nothing else. We hold it, therefore, to be especially ungrateful in Mr. Potter and Mr. Beales to be so very rancorous and spiteful against the present Ministry, seeing that at least in these two important matters—in his preference for the incoming and Reformed Parliament over the present oligarchical Parliament, and in his theory that the House of Commons ought to consist of the delegates, and nothing else than delegates, of the constituencies—Mr. Disraeli is quite as advanced a Reformer as Mr. Potter himself.

There is another aspect of these popular meetings which shows—at least if we are to take the League's present sentiments as signs of what we may expect—that the old religious bigotry is, after all, not very unlikely to be revived in an exaggerated form by those who are to succeed to power. Whatever we may think of the proposed measure for dealing with the question of Irish religion, it is not the statesman's remedy. Simply to disendow and to disestablish the Protestant Establishment is an unscientific and unstatesmanlike policy. It is a mere coarse, rude, haphazard, unprincipled policy, or rather lack of policy. Pitt, the present Earl Grey, the present Earl Russell, have all recommended a very different measure for Ireland from Mr. Gladstone's. They have all seen that the principle of a State religion might be preserved while they were anxious to get rid of Protestant ascendancy. To endow and to establish the Roman Church in Ireland,

to make Romanism the Church of Ireland, as Presbyterianism is the Church of Scotland and Anglicanism is the Church of England, has been the settled object of all our great statesmen. This policy is constructive and positive; Mr. Gladstone's remedy is simply negative and destructive. Its vice is that it will let loose two hostile religious parties, free from any control, and with unlimited powers to inflame each other into a state of chronic faction fights in the polluted name of religion. A good many thinkers believe that the shadow of the Ireland of the future is already projected in such a state of things as we are witnessing at Ashton at the present moment. This seems to be what Mr. Beales admires. Of one thing he is quite certain, that he is a Church of England man, and his Church of Englandism is of the good old bigoted persecuting type. No peace with Rome. He is a Protestant of the Protestants; the yoke that our forefathers would not have he will not endure. If the Church of England has cast out "the old and true Puritan spirit," that spirit was not dead in Mr. Beales. There is the good old ring of bigotry in this language. Mr. Beales may not have enough of history or of logic to know what the Puritan spirit was, or how it was carried out; but some of his hearers may not be indisposed, with the Puritan spirit, to combine a little of the Puritan practice. That practice was good solid persecution; and when No Popery becomes a really living principle, as the Orange and Green factions at Ashton just now show, it does not content itself with barren howlings. Here, again, we think that the Leaguers and Recordites—for the *Record* uses precisely the same phrases about the Irish Church question—are ungrateful to their true allies. We hardly see how Mr. Beales's doctrine differs from the Bishop of Oxford's—language, let us say, for between his Lordship's words and real opinions there is a very substantial difference. But neither the Bishop nor the Leaguers choose to see that they are playing into each other's hands. No Popery is a tool which cuts two ways. The Bishop of Oxford condescends to use it because on a single occasion he was howled at by an anti-Ritualist, careless that he was inflaming the same passions of the mob against Rome which Mr. Beales was equally anxious to stimulate against all Churches, endowed and established; while, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone, with an unfortunate effort after consistency, in giving up the Maynooth grant, surrenders the only hold and check against rampant Ultramontanism which the State of England possesses over an ignorant and ambitious and foreign clergy. Earl Russell has abandoned, and Earl Grey can find no opportunity of recommending, that policy which they think best for Ireland. But that policy was sound; how sound, we are the more convinced the more we see and hear of Mr. Gladstone's, and that of his advanced supporters. That in point of fact the traditional policy of Pitt and all our leading statesmen is impracticable, we owe to that Protestant prejudice which Mr. Beales, in common with the Recordites, and—for this night only—the Bishop of Oxford, in his new character of alarmist, does his best to invoke. And the really curious thing about this last St. James's Hall meeting and the Trafalgar Square meeting—and it is one which does not look well for the "more earnest régime" which next year will bring with it—is, that Messrs. Beales and Potter and Mr. Disraeli, as far as principles are concerned, have so many points in common.

MR. WHITWORTH'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

MMR. WHITWORTH'S munificent foundation of thirty scholarships of the yearly value of one hundred pounds each is the first practical recognition in this country of the growing importance of technical education. It is characteristic that it should come from private rather than public liberality. The work which in other countries is thought to deserve all the attention that the Government can bestow upon it, in England barely supplies a subject for an occasional Parliamentary conversation. In this particular case, however, we are not disposed to judge this indifference very harshly. No doubt the promotion of technical education is intimately connected with the maintenance of the industrial supremacy of England. That we have become what we are is chiefly owing to the unapproachable natural advantages enjoyed by this country, and perhaps this very fact has been one cause of the neglect which the other element in the result—human intelligence—has usually met with among us. We are now beginning to reap the consequences of this supineness. In the markets of the world we have played the part of the hare, until the foreign tortoise has slowly crept up ahead of us, and now threatens to beat us on the very ground that we thought our own by right of immemorial prescription. But though such a catastrophe as this concerns more or less the country at large, and English manufacturers cannot suffer without the whole body politic suffering with them, the action of the State is rightly so far modelled on the Providential type that it helps them that help themselves. The first losers by the present decline in the high character of English workmanship are the masters. It is they who would be the first gainers by improvement in this respect. And, consequently, it is to them that we naturally look for the first movements towards the necessary reforms. Hitherto it must be confessed we have looked in vain. There have been complaints in abundance. The dangers to be apprehended from foreign competition have certainly not been underrated; more probably they have been to a considerable extent exaggerated. But those who have been most active in raising

the alarm have usually attributed the evil to other than the true causes. The explanation most often given of the fact that English manufactures no longer occupy their old place attributes the decline to Trades'-Unionism. This solution might be satisfactory enough if it were not that the alleged cause is equally in operation in other countries, without being followed by the same effect. If the prevalence of strikes in England, for instance, is driving the English ironmasters out of the foreign market, how is it that the rival whom they most profess to fear is Belgium, where, as we saw not very long since, strikes are also common? After all, what has happened might easily have been foretold. The manufacturers of the Continent had to contend with us at a disadvantage. The material conditions under which their trade is carried on are rarely so favourable as those under which Englishmen work. Consequently their only chance of competing with us was to improve the quality of the workman, so as to enable him to do his utmost with the machinery actually at his disposal. It was long before any result seemed to follow from this discipline, but at last it has met with its just reward. We have relied on an inexhaustible supply of bone and sinew, and the raw material on which to employ them. The foreigner, unable to equal us in these respects, has turned his attention to the mind which directs rather than to the arm which obeys, and in the gradual improvement of the creative intelligence he has found compensation for our accidental superiority. The education of the workman leaves its impress upon the work he executes, and if we are to regain our old superiority over—nay, if we are to continue to maintain an equality with—our Continental rivals, we must be content to follow in their track, and to take a lesson from their example.

It is not in the amount of his liberality only that Mr. Whitworth has challenged the imitation of employers throughout the country. The mode in which his gift is to be expended is as prudent as the gift itself is munificent. It is rare enough to find a man who is ready to devote to a public object the capital represented by a yearly payment of 3,000*l.* It is rarer still to see so large a sum laid out in the way best of all calculated to answer the object of the donor. Mr. Whitworth would apparently have been doing a great service to the cause of technical education if he had founded a college for its promotion, but it is extremely doubtful whether the result would at all have corresponded with the sacrifice involved in effecting it. There are times when a supply of good teachers is educationally the one thing needful, when a whole population is eager for knowledge, and only lacks the opportunities to acquire it. There are other times when the deficiency is not so much in the teachers as in the learners, when the supply of the former is only kept down by the absence of a demand, when the real problem is how to create a class of vigorous and enthusiastic students. Technical education is at present in the last-mentioned plight. Young men have been accustomed to view the theoretical and scientific side of their work as an element which tends to lead them away from practical business and substantial success. Any time spent in study after they have once started in life has seemed to them, so far as regards its bearing upon their own ultimate prospects, to be merely time thrown away. When dealing with technical education we cannot afford to despise this feeling. It is not pure love of knowledge which leads men to industrial employments, and if they are to be induced to put more intelligence into such employments it must be made clear to them that they will gain by the result. The immediate effect of Mr. Whitworth's foundation will be to give positive money value to intellectual as against mere manual proficiency. In this country, at all events, to do this is to do everything. Men will prolong the time of study with much more willingness when, by this means, they have a chance of gaining a hundred a year, than when they had only the remote and uncertain prospect of getting on the better for it in business at some future period. There are teachers enough to be found, if only they were secure of getting pupils, and the emulation excited by the annual contests for these scholarships will speedily quicken the demand which has hitherto existed in so languid and intermittent a form.

The memorandum from the pen of Mr. Whitworth, which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday, contains some extremely sensible suggestions. The first ten scholarships will be awarded in May, 1869, and the examination has been arranged with the view of making the competition "accessible, on fairly equal terms, to the student who combines some practice with his theory, and to the artisan who combines some technical knowledge with perfection of workmanship." Some acquaintance with both classes of subjects will be required of every candidate, but this preliminary condition will be satisfied by reasonable proficiency in elementary mathematics and mechanics, practical geometry and free-hand drawing, and by the power to use one or more of certain specified tools. Besides these indispensable subjects candidates will be examined in the higher mathematics, physics, and chemistry, as well as in four prescribed handicrafts—smith's work, turning, filing and fitting, and pattern-making and moulding. The maximum marks obtainable by the theoretical student and by the skilled workman will be about equal. By the latitude thus allowed in the choice of subjects cramming will be as far as possible prevented, and the arrangement of marks will encourage the candidate to aim rather at a thorough knowledge of some one branch, whether of science or art, than at a superficial familiarity with several. Above all, Mr. Whitworth's scholarships will not be wasted on men who regard them simply as so much pay for a certain amount of work already done. They will be opportunities of training for the future, not merely prizes for

the past. During the period for which the scholarship is granted the holder will be expected to devote himself to the "satisfactory prosecution of the studies and the practice of mechanical engineering." The student will have to state where he proposes to work, and it will rest with the Lord President of the Council to determine whether the place proposed is satisfactory. No rigid rule, however, will be laid down on this subject, the object of the founder being to allow as much latitude as is consistent with the ends of the endowment. "If the student wish to complete his general education instead of continuing his special scientific studies, he may be permitted to do so," or he may go to such Universities or Colleges as afford scientific or technical instruction, or he may travel abroad. All that is essential is that his scheme of study shall be approved by the Lord President in the first instance, and that it shall be steadily pursued. This latter point will be ascertained by periodical reports made by the holder of the scholarship on the subjects of his special studies, and by such other tests as may be imposed by the Education Office. Mr. Whitworth is especially desirous that "the successful artisan should be encouraged to study theory, and the successful competitor in theory should be aided in getting admission into machine-shops and other practical establishments." In this way the instruction received by the scholars will be directed to supplement the defects of their previous training. Mr. Whitworth further submits to the Committee of Council whether "honours, in the nature of degrees, might not be conferred by some competent authority on successful students each year, thus creating a faculty of industry analogous to the existing faculties of divinity, law, and medicine." He himself is of opinion "that such honours would be a great incentive to exertion." We are rather inclined to think that they would seriously interfere with the profitable employment of the scholar's time. Any scheme of study designed to embrace a period of three years must necessarily be broken up by the necessity of preparing for periodical examinations, and the student would be naturally led to confine his whole attention to those subjects which admitted of being effectively reproduced on paper in given space of time. Education in general has suffered so much from the examination mania that it is important that this new branch of it should, if possible, be kept free from the infection. It only remains to say that Mr. Whitworth has not allowed the fund ultimately available for these scholarships to lie unused until the time when it can all be brought into operation. He has appropriated a part of it to the creation of sixty exhibitions of 25*l.* each to be held from now till April, 1869. Of these, fifty are placed "at the absolute disposal" of certain educational institutions, while the remaining ten are appropriated to the artisans of certain great towns. Every holder of an exhibition must undertake to compete for a scholarship in May, 1869.

THE DOCKYARD FORTIFICATIONS.

THE discussion last week on the fortifications in progress at Portsmouth and Plymouth lost most of its value from the unsatisfactory way in which several distinct questions, all more or less important, were mixed up in a single debate. The point on which the division ultimately turned was a mere question of the practice of the House as to the sufficiency of the notice given by Mr. O'Beirne, and the result of the debate consequently depended on considerations wholly irrespective of granite and iron. Mr. O'Beirne had given notice that he intended to call attention to the fortifications, and to move a resolution, without in the least degree intimating that he desired to stop the works, and throw away the four or five millions already expended on them. It was not perhaps surprising that, under these circumstances, some twenty or thirty sleepy members (according to Mr. Osborne's estimate) represented, or misrepresented, the House during the early part of the debate, and there can be no question that the majority was right in declining to support a motion brought forward with so little intimation of its real character. Unfortunately, no definite conclusion was arrived at even on the question of procedure, which was almost the only matter which influenced the vote. The Speaker, it is true, cast off his usual reticence, and entreated the House to declare its will as to the course to be pursued with respect to such notices in future. We gather from his statement that the notice, though it would have been irregular if intended to lead to a substantive motion, was not technically so in consequence of having been given as notice of an amendment to the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair. Considering that the most important motions are brought on in this form every Friday, the distinction, though doubtless quite in accordance with Parliamentary usage, is palpably absurd, and the Speaker was fully justified in asking a direction from the House which would enable him to get rid of the anomaly. But the House did not think fit to give the slightest hint of its wishes, and a debate on an important subject ultimately went off on a mere question of procedure, without even throwing a particle of light on the technical question of procedure itself.

If this was an unsatisfactory conclusion, the absence of any conclusion at all on the real points at issue was even less satisfactory. The discussion showed that the malcontent section of the House included those who objected to fortifications altogether as useless and costly toys, and those who doubted whether the works now in construction were being executed upon sound designs, and with adequate skill. Mr. Osborne was, as usual, the leading champion of the total abstainers, and was ready, after two-thirds

of the money had been expended, to abandon the defences for which the House, under Lord Palmerston's guidance, had voted some 7,000,000^l. Mr. Osborne, being one of the thirty-nine original opponents of a scheme approved in a large House—the thirty-nine articles as, he says, they were called—was among the very few present members who could consistently question the policy which almost all men of all parties had voted for. He was certainly quite right in saying that, if the fortifications would be useless when finished, the fact of our having already spent five out of the seven millions afforded no reason for throwing away two millions more. But the assumption is one with which it is difficult to agree. Anything may be proved by a dilemma founded on bold assertion, and it was said that if we have complete command of the Channel we shall not want fortifications, and that if the enemy has command of it they will not be of much use. But the real contingency against which these defences were intended to secure us was that of a temporary loss of superiority at this or that part of the Channel, which would enable an active enemy to destroy one or more of our dockyards, and so go far to convert our momentary weakness into permanent inferiority at sea. That any fortifications of respectable strength would be of much service against a sudden raid is beyond all doubt; and the security of Cronstadt, in the face of the Baltic fleet, which for a whole season reconnoitred it in vain, is evidence that fortifications may sometimes do even more than this. Nothing whatever has occurred since the date of Lord Palmerston's proposal, in 1860, to invalidate in the least degree the grounds which then satisfied Parliament and the country. Our great arsenals ought to be safe, at any rate, from a dash by a hostile force; and they cannot be made safe unless they are provided with the means of meeting the attack of a hostile fleet, and defending themselves against the approaches of a force suddenly landed in their neighbourhood to take them in the rear. The fact that ships and guns have, since 1860, increased in about an equal ratio their defensive and offensive strength in no way affects the question, except by rendering a corresponding increase in the power of the proposed forts a necessity. Portsmouth unfortified would not be any the safer because she would be attacked by ironclads and 600-pounders, instead of by wooden ships armed with 68-pounder smooth-bores. The reason for building the forts still is, as it always was, unanswerable, and the only question of interest at the present day is, whether the plans for their construction and armament are up to the mark.

Upon this point we cannot think that the explanations offered are at all reassuring. Very long ago the Americans found out that iron plates over granite backing could not stand powder and shot; and at a later period, but still before anything definite had been arranged as to the construction of the dockyard forts, targets were built up at Shoeburyness with a solid granite backing to represent the forts, and cased with blocks of iron twelve inches thick. The first shot, though it failed to damage the iron materially, split and crushed the granite backing into fragments; and having gained this experience, the Government proceeded forthwith to direct plans to be prepared for constructing the forts of granite with an iron facing. As if the absurdity of this step were not sufficient, the officers entrusted with the design determined to set at nought another well understood result of experiment. It had been ascertained that a given thickness of iron lost half its value as a defence against shot if the thickness were divided between successive layers instead of being concentrated in a single plate; and in defiance of this principle the shields for the forts were designed on the laminated plan. No trial was needed to prove either that stone would fail as a backing to iron plates, or that a group of several plates was weaker than a single piece of iron of equal thickness. But as shields on the same faulty principle had actually been sent to Malta and Gibraltar, the Government affected to treat what was really a gross and palpable blunder as a doubtful matter requiring further investigation. The Gibraltar shields were accordingly tested, and crumbled to pieces in a manner highly satisfactory to our artillerists. Still the plans for the dockyard forts were not abandoned, though a pledge was wrung by Lord Echo from the Government to have an honest trial of their capabilities. By this time everybody, including the designers, had been satisfied that the original plan would not do, and the targets prepared for testing were consequently made vastly stronger than the forts were originally intended to be. As the experiment is not a pass-examination to test the capacity of the officer who made the first mistake, there can be no objection to the substitution of an improved design; but we shall be agreeably disappointed if the improved target itself is not smashed to pieces with the greatest ease. So far as can be gathered from the dim light which shines through the affected ignorance of Sir John Pakington on the subject, the worst vice of the original plan is not abandoned. Solid iron may perhaps be substituted for a laminated structure, but we are still offered the same sort of structure of iron backed by granite, which was demolished some years ago with the utmost facility. And it is not clear that the work upon the forts themselves has not been continued, since the experiments to which we have referred, on a plan adapted only to a system of armament by means of iron plates resting immediately on a stone backing. It is quite certain that a fort so constructed will crumble to pieces under the first heavy cannonade to which it may be exposed; and though we have no hesitation about the propriety of completing our harbour defences, there does seem to be wisdom in the suggestion that the outlay of money upon that part of the work which experiments shortly to be tried

are almost certain to condemn should be postponed until such time as the established principles of constructing defensive works shall have sunk a little deeper into official minds.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

NO TWITHSTANDING prognostications to the contrary, we have still two Italian Operas. The grand scheme which was to combine the two in one, at Covent Garden Theatre, with Mr. Mapleson to control the musical and stage departments, and a bubble company to control Mr. Mapleson, happily fell through. A more impracticable idea was never entertained; and as about the least desirable thing in the conduct of operatic affairs is a monopoly, we are by no means disposed to lament over its failure. Both Her Majesty's Opera and the Royal Italian Opera have now been open more than six weeks; but, with a solitary exception, neither the production of a new work nor the revival of an old one has marked the proceedings at either. Several singers, however, have been heard, who claim notice, either as absolute strangers, or as absentees for so long a period that their merits form a legitimate topic for renewed discussion.

Mr. Mapleson, contrary to precedent, was this year first in the field. Upon the house he has provided for himself in Drury Lane, after the conflagration which left him houseless in the Haymarket, he may be felicitated. The "auditorium" presents the refined and aristocratic appearance which one is accustomed to expect in a fashionable theatre, and which is traditionally indispensable to Italian Opera. But, to eschew questions with which music has nothing in common, the acoustical properties of Drury Lane Theatre are singularly good; and this, we need hardly say, is a point of the utmost importance. The only difference between Her Majesty's Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre is in the building. Nearly all the singers of last year are re-engaged, while the same orchestra, the same chorus, and the same conductor are there to support them. The services of Signor Arditi can hardly be overestimated. His orchestra is now almost as renowned as that which, at the rival theatre, obeys the energetic direction of Mr. Costa, while his chorus, gathered from all parts of Europe, is notoriously first-rate. In short, this Italian gentleman, who came over to Mr. Lumley from America, is a host in himself. Zealous and indefatigable, he thoroughly understands his business; and every well-wisher to Her Majesty's Opera must be glad that the rumour, at one time general, as to Signor Arditi's intended secession from the post he has occupied so honourably for many years was, like so many rumours of the kind, unfounded.

It will not take long to review the history of Her Majesty's Opera since the beginning of the season. The activity of the management under circumstances so trying may be gathered from the list of operas already produced. This list embraces no less than thirteen works—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Semiramide*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Linda*, *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Rigoletto*, *Fidelio*, *Norma*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and the *Huguenots*. For every one of these, new music, properties, costumes, and scenery had to be provided; and when we say that every one has been creditably brought out, and every one more than creditably executed, it will be allowed that an extraordinary degree of energy has been exhibited. True, there were stage-properties already in Drury Lane Theatre that could be drawn upon at will; and there was Mr. W. Beverley ready and able to make any bit of scenery at hand fit any given situation at an emergency; but what has been done has been on the whole well done, and we have had few occasions to complain of more glaring inconsistencies than are customary at the Italian Opera. Gorgeous scenic display has in no instance been attempted; and indeed, had the resources at Mr. Mapleson's disposal been unlimited, the time was too restricted to attempt anything of the sort.

The theatre opened on the 28th of March, with *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Santley, and Signor Fraschini playing the chief characters. Thus the cast included the greatest tragic soprano, the most accomplished contralto, and the finest baritone at present on the Italian lyric stage. But this would be no excuse for devoting another sentence to so hackneyed an opera as *Lucrezia*, or to performances so familiar as those of the three singers to whom we have referred. There was a Gennaro, however, unknown to the majority of the actual generation of opera-goers, although remembered by a minority of those whom the late Mr. Thackeray would have designated as "forgies"—a tenor of some renown in his day. One-and-twenty years ago Mr. Lumley brought out Signor Fraschini at Her Majesty's Theatre, and a good deal was talked and written about him, more especially as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Connoisseurs, admitting certain vigorous qualities in the new-comer, nevertheless found him on the whole somewhat rough, ungainly and exaggerated. His first appearance among us took place in March, 1847 (the same year as that of Signor Gardoni); but he was already well-known in Italy, where he made his *début*, in 1839, at Bergamo. So that Signor Fraschini has now been close to thirty years on the stage. At any rate, after appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre as Edgardo, and winning a sort of notoriety as the most vociferous declaimer that had ever been heard of the famous "*Maledizione*," in the scene of the Contract, he subsequently lost ground, step by step, in *Ernani* and the *Foscari*, till he utterly collapsed on the memorable 4th of May, when Jenny Lind came out as Alice in *Robert le Diable*, and Signor Fraschini made sad havoc with Robert. The only other part he essayed was Pollio; but that failed to re-establish him in public opinion; and in 1848 his name was not to be found in the

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prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre. Twenty-one years have elapsed, and Signor Fraschini, who has been able to maintain a kind of reputation on the Continent as a representative of the music of Verdi, returns to us with the same qualities, the same defects, and a voice much impaired by time. If he did not greatly please in 1847, it is not surprising that he should not greatly please in 1868; and for the credit and consistency of our musical press, it is but fair to add that the criticisms on Signor Fraschini at the present moment differ in no material respect from the criticisms published when he first was heard. In short, he has made little impression at Her Majesty's Opera; and the most that can be said in his favour is that he is an energetic declaimer. As Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, and as Pollio in *Norma*, he has been appraised at precisely the same value. But if we are not misinformed, his engagement is nearly fulfilled, and his place will shortly be filled by Signor Mongini—another “robust tenor,” who, with faults that no competent judge can fail to perceive, is by many degrees Signor Fraschini's superior.

Lucrezia Borgia was successively followed up by *Semiramide* and the *Barbiere*, with Madlle. Tietjens as Semiramide and Madame Trebelli as Rosina; the other parts in either instance, if we except the Arsace of Madame Trebelli—not equal to the Arsaces we remember, from Brambilla to Alboni, but still the best of its day, and, for a French Arsace, by no means unacceptable—being indifferently filled. The first excitement of the season was created by the persistently vilified *Traviata*, in which Madlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, the young American singer of whom we had occasion to speak so favourably last winter, made her re-appearance. Madlle. Kellogg has eminent gifts that may in time place her in the foremost position. She is, before all, dramatic, and her singing lends itself as readily as unmusical speech might do to the business of the scene. Her voice, though a powerful and genuine soprano, is somewhat difficult to manage, not being naturally flexible; but we are mistaken if its young and spirited possessor does not succeed, through sheer force of perseverance, in completely subduing it to her will. The public were rejoiced to listen to Madlle. Kellogg again, and the *Traviata* was once more unanimously greeted for her sake. Verdi's peasant opera (after one performance of his now, under any circumstances, no matter how played, scarcely durable *Trovatore*) was followed by *Linda di Chamounix*, a work in which Donizetti, who was nothing if not Italian, eagerly but fruitlessly strove to make himself *tant soit peu* German. The dullest and most laboured of all the many operas of Donizetti are those composed for Vienna and—allowing for the charming fifth act of *La Favorita*—those composed for the Grand Opera in Paris. His *Elixir d'Amore*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Fille du Régiment* are worth the whole of them put together. But the reproduction of *Linda* was welcome, if only on account of Madlle. Kellogg's striking and impressive performance of the character of the heroine, about which we have only to reiterate the very high opinion already recorded. *Linda* has been followed in due order by *Rigoletto* and *La Gazza Ladra*. In both of these Madlle. Kellogg was heard for the first time in England, and in *Rigoletto*, at any rate, her success may be pronounced unequivocal. Hitherto the character of Gilda, the Jester's unhappy daughter, has been made a simple vehicle for singing. With Madame Bosio this was essentially the case; but Madame Bosio made up for her indifference to dramatic expression by executing the music in a manner to rival which was comparatively hopeless. Madlle. Kellogg does not precisely sing the music as Madame Bosio used to sing it, although she sings it for the most part extremely well; but she represents Gilda to us as a creature of flesh and blood, in whom we are involuntarily compelled to take a deeper interest than we could possibly take in a mere nightingale, however enchantingly mellifluous its tones. To have accomplished this is much to the credit of Madlle. Kellogg; for none can deny that Gilda, on our stage at least, has been not much more in reality than a seemingly unconscious utterer of sweet sounds. Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*—for the revival of which racy example of the Italian style of half a century back, the only novelty with which we have hitherto been favoured, we must thank the American *prima donna*—is a far more difficult task, both in a dramatic and a musical sense. The music belongs to a school now gone by; while to act the character as it should be acted demands a sacrifice to nature of what is called “effect,” such as is rarely condescended to in our time. Say what we please about the old French melodrama of *La Pie Voleuse* (by Daubigny and Laigniez), it is a simple and touching story, simply and touchingly narrated; and Ninetta is a character the faithful interpretation of which exacts histrionic powers of no mean order. Since Malibran and Malibran's legitimate successor, Giulia Grisi, we have had few Ninettas worth recalling. By far the best, not forgetting Madame Penco, was Madlle. Adeina Patti, who only played the part during one season; after which, for reasons unknown, the opera was never brought out again at Covent Garden. Madlle. Kellogg has been perhaps a little too used to the operas of Verdi, where “effects” are easily produced by fits and starts—more or less musical, as the case may be. In the earlier operas of Rossini—and *La Gazza Ladra* was brought out at Milan in 1817—there is nothing of the kind. Consisting mainly of legitimate vocal phrases, they demand legitimate vocal execution. Further schooling, however, in such music—or we are greatly in error—would make Madlle. Kellogg a thorough mistress of it, as further experience in the delineation of characters simply natural would widen her sphere of histrionic attainment; for her intelligence is remarkable, and her second performance of Ninetta was already a noticeable advance upon her first.

In the last three operas named—*Linda*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Gazza Ladra*—it has been agreeable to note the progress made in a very important department of his art by an English singer who for some time has fairly held the position of foremost baritone in Italian opera. We mean, of course, Mr. Santley. This gentleman, even while singing almost as well as he does now, was about as poor an actor as ever trod the lyric stage—as poor as Mario when he first appeared, as poor as Rubini to the very end of his career. But very recently Mr. Santley has advanced in a wonderful manner, of which his various assumptions of Rigoletto, Antonio (Linda's father), and Ferdinando (Ninetta's father) may be cited as examples. No other part in the *Gazza Ladra*, excepting that of Pippo, by Madlle. Trebelli, was more than tolerably represented. Signor Bettini scarcely does justice to the music of Ninetta's soldier-lover, while Signor Foli makes absolutely nothing of the character of the Podesta. This young American, who promised so well, should strive more earnestly to deserve the general acceptance he has met with. Lablache did not become the Lablache we all remember by listlessly contenting himself with his first-won laurels. His motto was “*Excelsior!*”—and he acted up to it. On the whole, indeed, although charmed to listen once more to the ever fresh melodies of *La Gazza Ladra*, we were by no means entirely satisfied with its performance. Skipping *Fidelio*—in which Madlle. Tietjens, the only possible Leonora, was feebly supported by Signor Bettini, who has no idea of the music of Florestan, and by Signor Foli, whose Rocco is wanting in dramatic life, and which, but for the Pizarro of Mr. Santley, the Marcellina of Madlle. Sinico, the Jacquin of Mr. C. Lyall (a singular improvement on the Jacquin of last year), and the admirably trained orchestra and chorus of Signor Arditii, would have fared ill; skipping also *Le Nozze di Figaro*—of the very effective representation of which, with Madlles. Tietjens and Sinico as the Countess and Susanna, Mr. Santley as the Count, and Signor Gassier as Figaro, we spoke at length last season, and which still labours under the disadvantage of a contralto in the lively part of Cherubino (although that contralto is now Madlle. Trebelli, *vice* Madame de Mercier-Lablache), again necessitating the transposition of the most beautiful of beautiful songs; and skipping *Norma*, which Madlle. Tietjens, with laudable ambition, will persist in keeping alive, although no one would greatly regret to miss it for the next ten years—we come to Madlle. Christine Nilsson, the brilliant star of last season, and likely to shine with no less lustre during the present. The young, gifted, and prepossessing Swedish songstress has up to this time attempted no fresh character. She has again presented us with her refined and elegant impersonation of the luckless “Traviata,” and again with her no less refined and elegant impersonation of the at first adventurous, afterwards love-struck Lady Henriette (*Martha*), in both of which she has renewed her successes of last year. Lovelier soprano tones than those of Madlle. Nilsson never issued from the throat of a sweet singer; and that she is one of the sweetest of sweet singers we need hardly insist. But Violetta and Martha, even wearing the features and assuming the voice of Madlle. Nilsson, cannot charm for ever; and every one of Madlle. Nilsson's admirers must have been enchanted the other night to see and hear her as Mozart's Donna Elvira, singing the music, too, as she did in the finest performance of the masterpiece of Italian opera that has been heard for many a day—a performance in which Madlle. Tietjens (Donna Anna), Madlle. Kellogg (Zerlina, a Zerlina reminding us, more than any other, of Charlotte in *Le Festin de Pierre*—Molière's Zerlina), Mr. Santley (Don Giovanni), Herr Rokitansky (Leporello—a Leporello with a genuine bass voice), Signor Bettini (a mild Don Ottavio), and Signor Foli (the Commandatore) took part. It may seem unjust to Madlle. Sinico, the hitherto very excellent Elvira, to be ousted from her place by Madlle. Nilsson, and unjust to Signor Gassier, a no less competent Don Giovanni, to be thrust aside by Mr. Santley; but few will deny that in either instance the change was for the better. Madlle. Nilsson's presence ensures us another performance no less attractive, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, with herself as Cherubino (which will enable us to hear Mozart's delightful songs in the proper keys)—Madlle. Kellogg being cast for Susanna, and the other characters as before. In every respect the arrival of the fair and gracious Scandinavian is a happy event for Mr. Mapleson and his supporters. It is a pity that the opere of *Hamlet* should be so laboriously heavy as to render its production here unadvisable, and the publishers so fastidious that they will not allow the one scene to be represented in which Madlle. Nilsson, as Ophelia, has been driving all Paris wild. Some consolation, however, may be derived from the fact that, in default of *Hamlet*, we are promised a revival of Auber's *Gustave III.*, with Madlle. Nilsson as Oscar (the page), and new music by the greatest of French composers, expressly written for her. This, and the magnificent *Medea* of Cherubini, are far more pleasant things to look forward to than the threatened production of Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*—the first approved example of the “Music of the Future”—which is a conspicuous feature in the prospectus of Her Majesty's Opera.

Altogether, notwithstanding the quasi-failure, only the other night, of a new tenor, Signor Ferensi, “from the Imperial Opera at Vienna,” in what, on the whole, was a somewhat indifferent performance of the *Huguenots*, Mr. Mapleson may be congratulated on the progress he has made, and the spirit with which he has faced the difficulties that beset him.

In our next number we shall speak of the Royal Italian Opera.

REVIEWS.

KIRK'S CHARLES THE BOLD.*

MR. KIRK seems to us to have used the five years which have elapsed since the publication of his first two volumes† to advantage. He has improved as a writer. There are still some blemishes in language, and some unaccountable slips of carelessness. But he is less inclined to take liberties with English, and though there is still a tendency to heighten effect by florid touches, and to indulge in flings of doubtful irony and sarcasm, his taste in these matters is more manly and sober. He tells his story with greater directness and strength of arrangement and connexion. And the work bears the marks more than ever of careful and honest labour. The Swiss archives, it appears, are full of original materials relating to the war with Burgundy, much of which has been published in the collections of historical documents in which Switzerland is not behind the rest of the world. These Mr. Kirk has used, but he has besides explored manuscript sources for himself, and among his chief and most important authorities are the original German and Latin letter-books of the Government of Berne, with the corrections, erasures, and interlineations of the day, to which he refers on almost every page. He has also examined the collections, now become accessible, of the despatches of the Venetian and Milanese agents. Where he seems least strong in regard to contemporary evidence is in his references to French papers. It does not appear that he has explored in the French libraries as he has done among the Swiss. But the Swiss records contain the most important portion of the evidence wanted. They throw as much light on the policy of Louis as on that of the Confederates.

And in this portion of the work, as Mr. Kirk has treated his subject, Louis and the Swiss Confederates are really the principals, and Charles occupies but a subordinate place. That is to say, he is the person whose destruction is the object and governing purpose of a great and successful alliance, carried out through difficulties and risks with unflinching craft, energy, and resolution on the part of the allies; and the schemes and bargains and arts of the destroyers occupy the foreground of the narrative, while the share of Charles himself in it sinks for the most part from its first prominence into that which belongs to a passive and hopelessly defensive attitude. All through this third volume Charles appears as the object of unprovoked and unrelenting attack from the terrible Swiss, to whom he had done no wrong nor given any cause for fear. His ambitious schemes, which alarmed Europe, are almost put out of sight and taken to be at an end, and he is fighting, not for empire, but desperately for very life. Such a way of representing the matter is borne out by the facts of the moment, but it is apt to leave an impression in Charles's favour which is not quite the fair one. To look at the Swiss war by itself, without connexion with Charles's previous career and actions, is as partial a way of considering it as it would be to regard Napoleon's defence of France in 1814, or even his German campaign of Leipsic, without reference to the antecedents of the Russian war and the Imperial tyranny over Europe. When a man's pride, cruelty, and wild desires of aggrandizement have thoroughly alarmed the world, and infused force and the determination to have done with him into formidable leagues, the advantages which his enemies take of him, their unscrupulous and implacable activity, and possibly the heroism and dignity of his resistance to hard conditions and terrible odds, ought not to make the historian forget that he is relating the course, not merely of a great fall, but of a just retribution.

Mr. Kirk writes of the three chief subjects of his history with an undisguised mixture of feelings. He dislikes and condemns the cause of which Charles was the representative, and certainly he does not conceal Charles's personal faults; but he gives him credit for more sagacity and statesmanship than has been usually allowed him, and he cannot keep back the sympathy which naturally arises for a man who suffers what, it may be, he has brought on himself and perhaps deserves, yet who suffers it at the hands of those towards whom at least he is guiltless. Mr. Kirk, himself a man of the present, and hating the selfish stupidity and brutality of medieval feudalism, yet regards Charles personally with the admiration which people cannot help feeling for high spirit and gallantry, and with the compassion with which he would regard a grand and magnificent gentleman, noble in temper and lofty in his thoughts, who is outwitted and brought to the ground by cheating money-lenders and low attorneys. Indeed, his respect for Charles as a gentleman inclines him to judge too favourably of Charles's honour and his intelligence. Charles was one of those high and chivalrous people who can yet on occasion do the most dishonourable things without remorse. And his statesmanship consisted in conceiving vast and imposing schemes, for which his position gave him the greatest advantages, without having the patience either to think out his plans or prepare the means, and without the self-control and temper to inspire confidence, and to attach to himself supporters like the great communities of the Netherlands, or Ministers like Commines. Europe has suffered as well as gained by the consolidation of France, which was the triumph of Louis. If Charles had founded his

projected Middle Kingdom, it would probably have been, in spirit and policy, but another Austria, squeezed up between Germany and France.

Mr. Kirk fully appreciates Louis's utter unscrupulousness and personal worthlessness, his want of all nobility of character and real greatness of purpose. But in his steady policy, though prompted by selfishness and carried on by craft and treachery, he sees the winning game of modern ideas of Government against the decaying cause of feudal anarchy; and he watches, with a mixture of amusement and admiration, the King's humour, his indifference to all that dazzles the vulgar, his resolute courage, the fruit of strong reason and clear insight rather than of temperament, and his uncontrollable sallies of delight and triumph when some very ticklish and critical stroke of cleverness had, after great risks, succeeded. The heroes of the volume are the Swiss; and of the part they played in bringing about the catastrophe, and shattering the beginnings of a new "Middle Kingdom" which, if it had come into existence, would have altered the map and the history of Europe, he makes as much account as any previous writer, and with the greater right of clearer and more exact knowledge. Of the astonishing apparition, in the midst of aristocratic Europe, not only of Swiss valour and matchless superiority in the field, but of the robustness and public spirit of their democratic societies, of their tenacity of purpose and high temper, and their power of co-operation and joint action, he speaks with the admiration which a republican might naturally feel for such early fruits of freedom; but his admiration is qualified by his sense of truth, which compels him to see in the Swiss a shameless greediness, a recklessness of justice and the rights of others, a daring readiness for intrigue and treachery, and a savage liking for butchery as well as war, which places the rough mountaineers quite on a level with their more refined contemporaries of the turbulent cities or the feudal castles.

Charles, as Mr. Kirk insists with great earnestness, had never done any harm to the Swiss who were the instruments of his ruin, and whose patriotism and gallantry in their struggle with him have been so loudly, and, as Mr. Kirk thinks, so lightly and thoughtlessly extolled. It is the object of his third volume to show in detail, and by the evidence of the Swiss themselves, that the ordinary romantic view of the glory of Granson and Morat is one of the most absurd of historical fallacies. They were extraordinary and signal victories, but they were the victories of the side of wrong. He writes to lay bare this imposture. Charles, he maintains, was entirely guiltless as regards the Swiss Cantons, of which Berne was the leader. However threatening he might be to Germany and the Rhine, though even in this there was exaggeration, to the Eight Cantons he had done nothing to alarm or provoke them. He had been their friend, and had shown no signs of changing. It was they who altered, and became the aggressors. And the history of their aggression was that they were bought and hired by Louis XI. to do his work against his dreaded neighbour. Louis XI. intrigued and bargained with the chiefs of Berne; and in return for subsidies of French gold, they undertook to pick a quarrel with Charles, to commit their confederates to it, and to keep it up as long as Louis paid the stipulated sum, of which the largest part went to Berne, and of that the largest part to the popular leaders of Berne. Charles's part in the war was purely defensive. Wantonly attacked on his frontier in the Jura, attacked in the territory of his ally the Duchess of Savoy, his invasion of Switzerland was only his answer to the devastating and ferocious invasions of neighbours to whom he knew that he had given no cause of complaint, and whom we know to have been in the pay of his deadly enemy. When the Swiss had astonished the world by their great victories on their own soil, and had hunted Charles to death before Nancy, they were able, on the strength of their unquestionable success, to persuade the world into a belief also of the goodness of their cause. Mr. Kirk leaves them the praise of their extraordinary daring and skill. But he utterly refuses them the merit of anything else that gives lustre to victory. The men upon whose spears the chivalry of Burgundy was broken were the greedy and merciless fighters in a quarrel for which they cared nothing, the tools of a few cold-blooded wire-pullers at Berne, who traded in the blood of their countrymen, and did as much as Louis XI. was willing to pay for. Granson and Morat are very different from Morgarten and Sempach. They were the first steps in that career of mercenary warfare and alliances which made the Swiss name a byword for everything that was brave and everything that was venal; which, according to a computation made in 1715, had up to that time cost Switzerland, in the service of France alone, 700,000 lives, and had brought in, as their price, 1,146,868,623 francs; which till lately exhausted the country, and retarded its progress and civilization; and which, even now that it is stopped, has left its demoralizing effects on the population of the Cantons:—

Explicitly denying that their own territory had been an object of aggression, never alleging any provocation of whatever nature received by themselves, never intimating any belief that the rights or the honour of the Confederacy had been involved in the origin of the contest; they, on the contrary, lost no opportunity of proclaiming that they had entered the arena in support of a cause with which as a nation they had no direct or personal concern. There was, however, an apparent discrepancy in their statements, both as to the motives by which they had been swayed and as to the party for whom they appeared as champions. In their public manifesto, and on certain convenient occasions, they set forth, as their grounds of action, the summons addressed to them by the head of the Empire, their alliance with Austria, and their obligations as an integral part of the German race and Confederation. But in their more private, more frequent

* *The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By John Foster Kirk. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1868.

† See *Saturday Review*, December 26, 1863.

[May 16, 1868.]

and more emphatic communications with the head of a different race and nation, with Louis XI. of France, they averred that it was at his request and on his behalf that they had taken up arms, that they had yielded to the persuasions and the promises of his ambassadors, and that, without the pledges and assurances thus given, they would not have been willing, never could have been induced, to embark in a war against the Duke of Burgundy.

To reconcile these statements, it is necessary to recollect that the treaty with Austria, which had reminded the Swiss of their allegiance to the Empire and furnished them with a pretext for their proceedings, was itself a contrivance of the French King, one of a long series of manœuvres all conducted with the same object, and through the same agency. Entered into with reluctance by most of the Cantons, by scarcely more than one of them with a hostile design against the Burgundian prince, it had lacked the inherent force to accomplish of itself the purpose with which it had been devised. During several months, while Alsace was a scene of hostilities, the Swiss remained passive. Their participation began at the moment when they had consented to another alliance, a closer and more confidential alliance than they had formed with Austria or with any other State—an alliance, namely, with Louis himself; one which had, it is true, no affinity with their national sentiments or policy, but which acted directly upon their instincts as a people and their interests as individuals, diffusing its effects through every quarter of their country and over all their subsequent history.

Unless these facts be entirely dismissed from consideration—unless mere theory be substituted for a recital of facts—we must conclude that the war had its real origin, not in the complications in which Charles had recently become involved with certain of the German States and with the Empire itself, but in his old and ceaseless rivalry with the King of France. That the Swiss were to some extent imbued with the feeling of German nationality is true. This was one of the springs touched upon, and it no doubt operated to deceive some and to enable others to deceive themselves. But it was not their sympathies with the German race, nor their fidelity to the Empire, that led them to tear up their ancient treaties, and so fall upon their oldest ally. Nay, that feeling was soon found to be antagonistic to the new policy they had adopted. The German sentiment, in the degree to which it prevailed, proved a hinderance to the prosecution of the war; and in proportion as the war was prosecuted the German sentiment was weakened. In every phase of the contest, and in all its results, we shall find confirmation of what we learn from the evidence in the case and from the avowals of the parties—namely, that it was undertaken at the instigation of France, for the interest of France, and in the pay of France.

This charge, it seems to us, Mr. Kirk fully makes out; and he makes it out from the contemporary correspondence, which shows with the utmost clearness and simplicity what were the motives and proceedings of the Swiss, and their relations to the King of France. Berne was the leading State of the Confederation, and it was with Berne that Louis's intrigues were carried on. Louis bought Berne and its leaders; and Berne took care of the other Cantons. French gold, indeed, was necessary for them all; the system of pensions, which makes such a figure in all the transactions between the King and his allies, and which was the mainspring of the war, extended through the Confederation. But Berne was paid at a very different rate from the Forest Cantons; and the leaders of Berne, who were the managers and agents with Louis, at a very different rate from the common citizens:—

It was commonly understood that the gold sent by Louis amounted to thirty thousand francs—equal to a million and a half at the present valuation. Ten thousand belonged to Austria, but were stopped by Berne for the promised wages of the soldiers in the Héricourt expedition—Sigismund's "intentions not being doubted," his quittance being demanded and given. The remainder was assigned in equal portions to the Eight Cantons with Freiburg and Solothurn. In the royal letters authorizing this disbursement, its object was stated to be "the maintenance of the Swiss in the service of the King in his wars and otherwise," and the payments were made continuallly "so long as they should be so engaged in his service." Berne, expressing the same idea in different language, gave a general receipt for the whole amount, as intended "to meet the expenses which the Confederates had incurred, or might incur, in doing the pleasure of the said King." But these twenty thousand francs were not all which the liberal Louis designed for "servants" who were so regardful of his "pleasure." Those who had borne the heat and burden of the day were engaged—as Berne had taken care to remind him—at a very different rate from the labourers for an hour. He had sent, therefore, another twenty thousand francs, leaving the distribution to Diesbach and Favre, by whom a schedule was drawn up, and prefaced with the statement that this was a matter "not requiring to be made public, but to be kept secret." Of this sum six thousand francs were assigned to Berne, three thousand to Lucerne, two thousand to Zurich; to the other Cantons and the two allies, nothing. Nine thousand were thus left for particular individuals, and of this residue all but the merest trifle was absorbed by citizens of Berne and Lucerne, chiefly by those of the former State. The two Diesbachs and Jost von Silinen received one thousand francs each; Scharnachthal and a brother of Silinen, four hundred; less conspicuous persons, sums ranging from two hundred down to twenty francs. All these sums were granted in the form of yearly "pensions." One, of three hundred and sixty francs, was designed for Adrian von Bubenberg; but it had been forgotten to ask previously whether he would accept it. Before pocketing their allowance the Council of Berne repealed the regulation under which the statute against bribes was read yearly at the opening of their proceedings. For this act we cannot but commend them. When a new god is to be set over the altar, it is but decent that the liturgy be changed.

Thus two influences were at work in Switzerland. In Berne, the leader of the Confederation, the most influential State, and the one most in contact with the Powers of the world without, the war had its origin in the violent and unscrupulous use of an opportunity for making money, and increasing the consequence of the State, by contracting for a war to be carried on by the Swiss for the objects of the King of France. In the other Cantons the love of fighting, the hope of plunder, the sense of force, the attraction of pensions, were combined in various proportions with a nobler motive, the strong and deep sense of brotherhood between the little democracies, which gave the crafty intriguers of Berne such an advantage in working upon the sympathies of their ruder brethren, and which made an appeal in the hour of apparent danger irresistible. Berne had often some trouble to keep its allies up to the mark. They liked fighting, plunder, and pensions; but they cared nothing for schemes of policy or for the objects

which made Berne so inveterate in urging on the war; and when the fighting had been sufficiently done, and the pensions were behind their time, it required much patience and skill to pacify the grumbler and stimulate the reluctant. But Berne, with its Diesbachs and Jost von Silinen and Scharnachthal, was equal to the task:—

Thus the Swiss people, which had so long held princes at arm's length, refusing to become entangled in their alliances or their disputes, had so widely departed from its traditional principles as to consent to be henceforth "maintained in the service" of a foreign monarch.

And this, we are told, was commendable on their part, or, at the least, justifiable and politic. Their independence, it is said, was threatened, and, resolving to anticipate the danger they foresaw, they wisely accepted the aid that was offered in the form in which it was needed.

How far such representations accord with the facts, every reader of the preceding pages has the means of judging for himself. There had been, on the part of the Swiss, no manifestation of jealousy or hostility towards the Duke of Burgundy that did not emanate from Berne. Why Berne had laboured to create such an enmity appears from its own acknowledgments. Even now its efforts to spread this feeling had been utterly fruitless. It had secured the adoption of the treaty with France, but it had not succeeded in exciting any popular hatred of Burgundy. It had prevailed over the opinion of the other Cantons, in part by appealing to the same base motives which had influenced itself, in part by the employment of artifices and by working upon that spirit of unity and mutual concession which had always been a conspicuous virtue of the Swiss character. But it had long since abandoned as hopeless the attempt to excite unfounded apprehensions. Bugbears had no place in the Swiss imagination. They had none in that of Berne itself. Intimations of danger from the "triple alliance" were received by the Council of that State with characteristic and befitting scorn. "A handful of Swiss," they replied, "is a match for an army. On our own soil, with our mountains behind us, we defy the world."

That the ruling motives with the Confederates were their German sympathies and their treaty with Austria Mr. Kirk refuses to believe, for the very good reason that what the Germans called on them to do they steadily declined. They would not join the Imperial army; they would not help Basel and Strasburg, and the defenders of Alsace. Berne itself was the first to make excuses for not co-operating with the Germans. The energy which it directed was reserved for another war, made, not for German, but for French objects:—

It was agreed in the Diet that the Emperor ought not to be treated with disrespect; that honourable means should be sought for evading compliance with his oppressive request. An Embassy might be sent, explanations offered, a promise given to take the subject into further consideration. In this manner, it was suggested by Berne, the matter might be protracted until the occasion had passed. Two or three Cantons, though strongly disinclined, would consent to go if the majority were so minded, and provided the Emperor would pay them for their trouble. The majority voted emphatically to stay at home. It included those Cantons in which, if anywhere, the German sentiment had a real existence. But there was a difference—as the Swiss, at least, could see—between being Germans and being Imperialists. They instinctively discerned, what the correspondence of the time reveals, that the Austrian Emperor still looked upon them with the same eyes as ever. "Let him confirm our liberties!" said Unterwalden, and others echoed the cry; "until he does so, we are not bound to help or to obey him."

In all this we do not consider the Swiss as chargeable with duplicity, except in so far as double speaking and double acting were necessary results of the position in which they were placed. That position they themselves had accurately defined. They had entered into the war as auxiliaries of Austria, but at the instance and for the benefit of France. Therefore, the real measure of their assistance must be, not the necessities of the Emperor or of Sigismund, but the condition of their agreement with Louis. Let us look, then, at the treaty, now finally ratified, and try to understand its precise meaning and import.

As we have before said, the treaty did not bind the Swiss to prosecute a war against Burgundy. It provided only that, in the event of their becoming involved in such a war, the King was to join in it, and that, if they were menaced with an attack, he should come to their assistance, unless, indeed, he were prevented by some immediate danger at home, in which contingency hardly to be apprehended—he was to pay a forfeit of eighty thousand francs.

Their agreement with Louis was one ostensibly for mutual help. Each was to move when the other was in danger. But this was not what Louis meant; and though it was what the more distant and less well informed of the Cantons understood, it was not what Louis's pensioners at Berne meant either:—

What could be safer than such an arrangement? The Swiss were not going to bear the brunt of the conflict, to take upon themselves the risks and the charges. If ever the harassed enemy should turn upon them, Louis would interpose to secure them against harm. But they had yet to fathom the policy of the man with whom they were dealing. They were not commonly aware that, in addition to the general retainer, he was paying a special retainer, of equal amount, of which the larger portion went to Berne, while most of the Cantons received not a fraction of it. His immediate object had been gained when the Swiss consented to become auxiliaries in the war. His profounder design, that of converting them into principals, slipping out of his own engagements, throwing upon them the burdens and the dangers, was to be effected by the operation of those additional grants which "did not require to be made public, but to be kept secret." It was the "duty" of Berne to render the Swiss "more amenable to His Majesty," to spread assurances of his "entire good faith," to "keep alive the practice against the Duke of Burgundy," and to urge its Confederates forwards by "the road in which it had first led them."

For the accomplishment of this object the main resource lay in that spirit of concord and mutual helpfulness on which Berne had already drawn so freely and effectually. Let danger hover over one community, and the others would fly to its support. An indirect aid would spring out of the craving for booty and the readiness for adventure which were also among the national characteristics, and which Berne had recently taken pains to foster. This view is not conjectural. The Council records of Berne, the letters and despatches of their leaders and of their agents with Louis, their communications with the other Cantons, are still extant; and Mr. Kirk refers to them, and quotes them in their rough German, at every step. They are better authorities

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even than the shrewd reports of the Italian ambassadors to their masters at Venice and Milan, by which Mr. Kirk checks and confirms them. Read by the light of these records, the war of the Cantons against the Duke of Burgundy was not a war for the independence of Switzerland, but a series of perfidious and horribly ferocious inroads, ultimately to further the objects of the crafty hirer of the Swiss spearmen, directly to bring the neighbouring territories—the Jura, Vaud, Lausanne, and other parts of Savoy—under the yoke of Berne and its Swiss confederates. It was a war of conquest, by which the limits of Switzerland were extended; and, as a further result, the Swiss turned for centuries into a nation of foreign pensioners at home, and invincible mercenaries abroad.

The military history of the last years of Charles's rule is told at length, with clearness and spirit, and, as far as we can judge, with thorough knowledge. Mr. Kirk is fully sensible of the tragic aspects of the war, and of its remarkable and thoroughly unexpected course. For it is difficult to conceive anything more tragic than the unconsciousness of the tremendous power awaiting him, with which Charles marched to punish the aggressors who had dared to ravage his frontier, the paid mechanics and herdsmen of rude mountain republics, whom their needy and intriguing chiefs had stirred up against him, to serve the purposes of his cunning enemy at Paris. He thought himself, others thought him, as strong as ever he had been. He had foiled the Emperor, and, if only half successful himself, he had sent him back with a buffet not soon to be forgotten. He had completed the continuity of his own dominions by conquering Lorraine under the eyes and in the teeth of Louis. His army was as strong as it ever had been, and his military preparations were carefully made. When he descended the Jura, he led what was, in the eyes of all round him, the most formidable army in Europe; the only army, indeed, of the time with anything of the professional spirit and organization which all armies were soon to find necessary. So he appeared for a while. Every one knew that the Swiss would fight well. In their mountains and defiles, taking the invaders at an advantage, they might strike a heavy blow. But to meet in the open field disciplined troops, superior numbers, variety of arms—cavalry, field artillery, English archers—soldiers with temper as high as their own, and with a renowned leader like the Duke of Burgundy, seemed to all lookers-on a very hopeless effort. The meeting came, on ground chosen by Charles. The course of an hour made it evident that Charles's supposed strength, matched with the Swiss, was the most hollow of deceptions. Granson was no hard fought and dangerous victory, but the ready collapse, before resolution and strength, of an imposing show. Suddenly, to the wonder of all the world, Charles found that the military strength in which he had trusted, and which the world had feared, had simply vanished away. Naturally enough, in spite of the tremendous overthrow, he could not believe it; but Morat only repeated more emphatically the same proof. He woke, as one in a dream, from the dreadful and incredible surprise. There was little time for meeting the change. One shock followed quick on the track of the other. Almost before the world had realized the great reverse which had altered the position of one of its most dreaded potentates, Nancy had finished the work of ruin. The rapidity of the catastrophe was as extraordinary as its completeness.

Mr. Kirk's details of the great battles are distinct, and his topographical descriptions of the ground careful and interesting. What strikes the reader of them is, that he does not explain sufficiently the character of the component parts of the Burgundian army. Granson and Morat appear to have been lost because Charles had no infantry of the slightest value for steadiness or vigour. He had Italian bands, from whose treachery he suffered at last; he had a brilliant and gallant cavalry; he had cannon, and light troops for skirmishers. It would have been worth while to make out, if it were possible, what was the composition and organization of his foot soldiers, who must have formed the bulk of the army, but were on all occasions so useless. It is difficult, however, to resist the conclusion that Charles himself was a poor general, and that, if he knew how to animate a cavalry charge, he did not know how to manage an army or repair a mistake or a disaster. The last scenes of this impressive history, the glee, and the mixture of cunning with shameless candour, the subtle play of amusement, anxiety, and grim hatred in Louis, the sinking deeper and deeper into confusion and hopelessness of his doomed antagonist, the horrors of the Swiss victories, are powerfully told. Perhaps Mr. Kirk allows himself sometimes to be carried away beyond the gravity of the historian into the sentiment and passion which properly belong to tragedy. But he may plead an excuse in the awful character of what he relates, and in his thorough comprehension of its significance, and his sympathy with its solemn and affecting vicissitudes. To the last, he is equal to the great demands of his task, and he keeps his hold on the attention of his readers with unfailing mastery over the story, and sustained ability in telling it.

THE TREES OF OLD ENGLAND.*

ALTHOUGH not a book to be recommended singly to any one whose primary object is other than to appreciate the poetical aspects of dendrology, this is one which, if read after or in con-

junction with more technical works on the subject, cannot fail to instruct, as well as to improve and delight. Its author is at home in the botanical portion of his task, and, having manifestly a strongly developed bump of veneration, never tires of pointing out the harmonies and analogies of vegetable and human life, which prove at every turn the work of a divine artificer. He lectures, we doubt not, more succinctly than he writes; for the only fault in his volume is a tendency to diffuseness, which occasionally impairs the force of those illustrations from the book of nature with which he seeks to illustrate moral and religious truth, and which also leads him into allusions to classical literature too superficial to be of interest to scholarly readers, and too vague to interest the non-scholars. The hyper-poetic tone and spirit of his remarks is, however, a fault on the right side. There is so much that is really curious, and that to many readers will appear to be novel, in his review of English trees, that an accession of useful and entertaining knowledge must certainly follow its perusal. To country readers the book will be provocative of frequent rushings across lawn and grass-plot, to verify Mr. Grindon's drawings and test the accuracy of his descriptions; and having gone through this process ourselves with much pleasure and profit, we venture to speak for the faithfulness with which in almost every instance he has chronicled the marvels of flower and leaf, of branch and trunk, and all the diverse phenomena of tree-life. The scope of this book is to examine the nature and structure of British trees, and to touch on their economic, picturesque, and poetic aspects; and in his execution of the first part of his task we find neither excess nor defect. Mr. Grindon introduces us to oak and pine, to beech, elm, and lime, to poplar, willow, yew, ash, maple, sycamore, and one or two other trees, as they burst into leaf or develop flower and fruit. He teaches us which of these are most hospitable to animate and inanimate settlers, which tower highest above our puny manhood, and which chiefly mock human longevity by numbering centuries where we reckon decades of years. He does not leave us to take on faith the statement that this or that tree is indigenous, but commonly adduces some cogent argument for an affirmative conclusion; or, where facts are stubborn, candidly admits a negative. Hence arises material for a pleasant as well as useful volume, as a few samples which we propose to cull from it may serve to show.

In its leafage the oak is hardly so curious as some other trees, though the vexed question of distinction between the wavy-leaved oak (*pedunculata*) and the flat-leaved (*sessiliflora*) turns on the tortuosity and lengthiness of the one as to leaf, stalk, and acorn, and the greater compactness and roundness of the other. Selby, Lees, and other authorities hold these to be rather varieties than species; and there is a conflict of opinion as to the superiority, in quality of timber, of the wavy-leaved over the sessile-flowering oak. Neither does the oak appear so curious in point of flower as its less kingly forest-brethren, though perhaps nothing in vegetable life is more perfect than the developed acorn. The oak's speciality (if we leave out of sight his gigantic timber) seems to be the lordly shelter he affords. To say nothing of birds of every feather, when an oak is felled it is an earthquake to myriads of insects. The oak-apples, once supposed to be of the nature of fruit, are balls of extravasated sap caused by wounds which a little insect infests on the bark of a bud, that she may have where to deposit her eggs. These are hatched about midsummer, and the white grub in due time becomes a winged creature, and forces its way out. Of the same origin are oak-galls, as well as those curious oak-spangles "which make a single oak-leaf, to an inexperienced observer, look like a genuine fern-frond." But the spangle of the fern-leaf is a heap of golden and life-giving seed-boxes; the red and green hairs that make up the oak-spangle are caused by insects which mar instead of propagating vegetable life. Still more curious are the inanimate guests of the oak—the ivy, which is neither parasite nor epiphyte, for it has its own independent roots in the earth, and draws no sustenance from that to which it clings; and it does not, like epiphytes, rest on the branch of another plant or live on the decaying moisture that accumulates around. Mr. Grindon defends the ivy from the common charge of damaging the life of the old tree. "When we see leafless and withered boughs rising above its verdure like gigantic antlers, it is not because of the ivy, but from inanition." There is, however, a parasite which, doubt it who may, still haunts the oak, as in Druidical times, though probably more sparingly, its favours being more prodigal to poplar and apple-tree, as well as limes, hawthorns, and acacias. The infrequency of mistletoe on oaks has led to the theory that the Druids made use, not of our mistletoe, but of the Continental "*Loranthus Europaeus*," which the first propagators of Christianity amongst us may have extirpated as connected with Paganism. To this view Mr. Grindon seems to incline, though he owns that the sanctity of the mistletoe may have arisen from its rareness on the oak. As a matter of fact, the mistletoe still grows upon oak-trees at Eastnor and Tedstone Delamere in Herefordshire, at Sedgeley Park in Monmouthshire, and elsewhere near the South Wales border; not of course in the profusion with which it haunts the apple-trees and poplars of the same country, whence are procured the loads of this parasite which crowd railway trucks at the season of Christmas. Yet more curious are the epiphytes connected with the oak—the ferns which start out from its bosses in gold-spangled tufts twelve feet above one's head, "the oak seeming," says Mr. Grindon, "to take pride in holding the fern in its giant arms, and the fern to show how beautifully the grandest things in nature may

* *The Trees of Old England.* By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. London: F. Pitman. 1868.

be enriched by the simplest"; and the mosses which cling to the oak in life and death, a remarkable illustration of which Mr. Grindon draws from Wistman's Wood, in the region of Dartmoor. A ragged and interrupted belt of five hundred oak-trees, low-growing, knotty, and distorted, shares with huge blocks of granite the hillside on the left bank of the river for the distance of half a mile:—

Such a group of trees would not be very remarkable in itself: what renders the scene so extraordinary is that the branches, except at the extremities, and this not always, are completely matted over with a moss, called by botanists *Anomodon curtipeduncula*. In most cases the green covering is from ten to twelve inches in thickness, though the branch supports it is not of greater diameter than a child's wrist. The weight is so considerable as to bend the branches downwards.

A more curious illustration of the sympathy between the oak and its epiphytes could not have been adduced. Whilst dwelling upon this feature of hospitality as existent or non-existent in other trees, Mr. Grindon omits to mention that the truffle and another edible fungus are found under the beech-shade, though he notes that the tree is frequented by the woodpecker, and that the uncommon "hydnus coraloides" grows beneath it. He very properly asserts the prescriptive rights of the rooks to the elms-top, and he makes out a good case for toleration to the squirrels, because they are the chief acorn planters. The twiggy thickets in the centre of a lime-tree are also a first-rate shelter for birds.

As to the peculiarities of leaf, flower, and fruitage, Mr. Grindon dwells more on these in discussing the beech and elm, the limes, willows, and poplars. He notes the correspondence between the structure of the tree leaf and of the human body, in midrib or spine, great ribs, veins, or sap-vessels, and organized surface of porous skin. He notes too how marvellous is the folding within buds and inner "perules," of the embryo leaf of each tree after its kind—beech, sycamore, and horse-chestnut leaf packed up like a lady's fan, other leaves in roll and double roll, in scroll fashion, or like a coil of ribbon. The mature beech-leaf has an unnotched margin, the blade at one side of the midrib larger than at the other, and fringes, when it is young, that are not found on any other leaf. Still more peculiar is the elm-leaf, the two sides separated by the midrib differing in size, the bases of both sides starting from different points, the margin serrated, and the apex sharp-pointed. Unlike the elm, the two halves of the lime-leaf start from the same point, but the one, being larger than the other, takes a curve backwards. The lateral compression of the aspen leaf-stalk at the extremity nearest the blade is that which causes its flutter and quivering, and induces us to accept, with Mr. Grindon, the emendation "poplar" for "mulberry" in the text of Scripture which speaks of "the sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees" (1 Chron. xiv. 15). The pine-leaf is needle-shaped, and the distinction between the pine and fir (which, by the way, proves our designation Scotch fir to be a misnomer) is that the latter has distinct needles irregularly distributed, the former cuplike sheathes of brown scales, out of which stand its leaves in couples, or threes, or fives. The yew-leaf is akin to this class in its needle-shaped leaf; but we cannot subscribe at the present moment, when yew-trees are putting forth new shoots, to the author's statement that the yew "has no changes or shades of verdure." The differences of forest trees as to flower and fruitage are too wide a subject for our space; but to the study of it Mr. Grindon will be a safe and intelligent guide, whether in pointing out the incompleteness of the pine with regard to flower, the small floral beauty of the elm, and the "heaven of fragrant honey-cups" to which one lifts up one's gaze in the lime-flowers, and which, "though brimming with nectar, are still unprovided with nectaries." Who does not know the attraction which the bees have to the linden-tree, and the soothing sensation of a lounge beneath a lime-walk, while one listens to the hum which is unceasing overhead? Time would fail us to tell of the "samara" of the elm, the double "samara" of maple and sycamore, and the fruits of trees, whether acorn or nut, cone, berry, or catkin. Mr. Grindon discourses of all these, and of the varieties of bark, from smooth beech to broken-surfaced birch; and he does this with an enthusiasm that is really infectious, so that one cannot help being led on by his volume.

Mr. Grindon's pages contain much information as to the indigeneity of our trees; as, for instance, the confirmation of that of the birch by the lumps of it found with bark uncorroded in the Cheshire peat bogs, where it had lain thrice five centuries. Selby adduces the remains of very ancient oaks beside the rivers of the North as proofs of the same thing (*British Forest Trees*, p. 252). Sometimes the name helps us to decide the question. Mr. Grindon considers the fact that the elm ("Ulmus campestris") has rarely given its name to places in England to be one argument for its not being indigenous; whereas in the name of the "pine" he sees a date as old as those of Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis. Elsewhere we have met with an argument for the yew being aboriginal, in its derivation from the British "yw" and the Saxon "iw," everlasting. Anyhow it points to a very remote introduction, as does also the longevity of existing trees. "The three yews beneath which the founders of Fountains Abbey held their rural council in 1132 A.D. are standing yet," and Norman churches in England are found with yews beside them older than the church. There are pines of as great an age, and instances of oaks that have attained nine hundred years. Wallace's oak at Ellerslie

lays claim to a respectable antiquity, and Cowper's oak dates from William the Conqueror. That at Saley Forest, Northamptonshire, is calculated to be one thousand five hundred years old. The Spanish chestnut is not indigenous, having come in, as its name goes to show, with the Romans (pp. 92-4), and had Mr. Grindon's account of it been less brief, he might have cited in proof of its longevity and early naturalization "the great chestnut of Tortworth," of which the remains still exist, though it bore the same name in Stephen's reign, and was a boundary-tree in that of King John (Selby, p. 334). In the antiquity and bulk of some of these giant patriarchs consists, to our thinking, the true poetry of the subject, and we can afford to part with their connexion with classic fable, such as that of the beech and poplar with Oenone, and the willow with poor Dido, who wore it. Had Mr. Grindon found fewer sermons in trees, and confined his classical allusions to such interesting points as the witness of Martial and Juvenal to the British manufacture of wicker-basket (bascaude, Mart. ix. 99, Juvenal xii. 46), he might have found room for more statistical matter. Yet not a word too much has he written on the effect of trees upon the picturesque. No one grudges his lingering lovingly upon the elm avenue, the dense, still pine-grove, the spires of the Lombardy poplar, the yellow and amber tints of the beech in autumn, or even the willows by the water-courses. But the poetry of the subject might have taken care of itself, and a check upon exuberance of fancy would have tended to a more uniform enumeration of the economic uses of our trees. Such information perhaps is superfluous in the case of the oak, though it might have been well to give the measurements of a few such oaks, as the Squitch (45 feet in girth), and the Beggar's oak (27 feet at 5 feet from the ground), at Bagot Park, in Staffordshire. Selby says it was computed that the latter would have fetched 200*l.* and odd; and speaks of ten oaks having been sold by Sir George Cornwall, in Worcestershire, for 1,100*l.* Mr. Grindon tells us all about the economic uses of the pine, but forgets in his "letters of the heroines" to touch upon those of the beech. He is led by the derivation of the wych-elm to give us the information that its wood is largely used for coffins; but it would not have been amiss to add that it resists, like the alder, the action of water, and was used, until the adoption of cast-iron pipes, in all water-works. So likewise does he dwell upon the excellency of the lime-timber for carving and for sounding-boards, but lets Dido's memory crowd out the uses of the willow when well grown as a timber of great value for divers purposes, and which Selby affirms has been sold for 5*s.* per cubic foot." He omits, too, to record the superiority of the ash to all our other trees in toughness and elasticity, for which reason it is so much used by machinists, coachmakers, and wheelwrights. But he makes up for this last omission by a piece of information which ought to atone for a great deal in the eyes of amateur gardeners:—

There is [he writes] a useful bit of practical knowledge connected with the tardy appearance and early decay of the ash-leaf. The expansion of the leaves is a sign that the season is sufficiently advanced for greenhouse plants to be trusted out of doors, the chance of frost being now reduced to a minimum; and by-and-by, when the leaves begin to fall, it is a sign that the time is come for the restoration of them to their wonted shelter.

In p. 48, for "tilia lenes," should be read "tiliae leves"; and, in p. 85, the oft-quoted half line of Virgil sadly needs rearrangement. But, on the whole, the excellencies of the volume greatly outnumber its defects; and as a token of this conviction we shall rejoice, with no doubt many other readers, to welcome the second series of which Mr. Grindon's preface affords a hope.

DYER'S HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF ROME.*

WHEN Mr. Francis Newman, a good many years ago, published his book on Regal Rome, scholars in general were amazed at the large powers of faith which he displayed in it. Mr. Newman believed a great deal which that generation had, under the teaching of Niebuhr, been taught to disbelieve. The mind of *Punch*, however, was struck with the book in quite another way. Some verses appeared, making game, not of Mr. Newman's credulity, but of his incredulity. The writer was greatly amazed and amused at anybody doubting any part of the tale of Romulus and the pious *Aeneas*. It was plain that he really believed that Mr. Newman was the first person who had ever ventured to do so. If anybody is still in the same innocent frame of mind, Dr. Dyer's book will be a great comfort to him. It will indeed reveal the fact that there are many unbelievers about, but it will also reveal the fact that there is at least one man strong in faith, and ready to do battle against them all. Dr. Dyer is a very Herakles or Siegfried. He is ready to slay his dragon at any moment. And if it chances to be a High-Dutch dragon that he has to fight against, the pleasure of slaying him is distinctly enhanced.

We wish to speak of Dr. Dyer with every respect, and yet we cannot resist a certain feeling of amusement over his book. The appearance of a book like his is a thing which was to be expected. It is a natural, an almost inevitable, reaction. Dr. Dyer's object is to call on us to accept as history a great deal which our grandfathers certainly accepted as such, but which we were taught in our youth to cast aside as myth. Something of the sort was sure to come. Those who disbelieve agree in nothing except in dis-

* *The History of the Kings of Rome. With a prefatory Dissertation on its Sources and Evidence.* By Thomas Henry Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell & Daldy. 1868.

believing. Niebuhr has his view, Mommsen has his. And the views of Niebuhr and Mommsen are hardly more like one another than either of them is like the legendary history. Then Sir George Lewis went elaborately through the whole story in order to show the impossibility of having any view at all. It is clear that this state of things affords fair game for any one who chooses to stick to the faith of our grandfathers. It is easy to say that, after all, the legendary history has more to be said for it than anything that sceptical critics have tried to set up in its place. It is easy to pick holes in the arguments by which so many different scholars have come to so many different results. All of them naturally have their weak points, especially when they undertake, like Niebuhr and Mommsen, not only to pull down, but to build up. It is not easy matter to prove the legendary history; but it is often a very easy matter to disprove a good deal of what we have been asked to take instead of it. Whenever this can be done, whenever a fallacy or a groundless statement can be exposed in this matter or in any other, a service is of course done to the cause of truth. But it must be remembered that to disprove one thing is not to prove another. To show that it is not safe to trust Niebuhr or Mommsen is not the same thing as showing that it is safe to trust Livy or Dionysius.

The thing then was sure to be done, and, if it is to be done, Dr. Dyer has several of the qualifications for doing it effectively. On the score of knowledge of his immediate subject nothing can be said against him. He is known to have studied for many years, and with great attention, the topography, the monuments, and the literature of ancient Rome. The results of his labours have already been given to the world in more shapes than one. And he is made by nature to be a controversialist. He at once sees the weak point in his enemy, and instinctively fastens on it. We confess that we got tired of Dr. Dyer before we had done; a disputation, mainly on points of detail, carried on through a thickish volume, does get wearisome before we get to the end. Dr. Dyer sometimes tires us with repetitions, sometimes by writing in a passionate, snappish, and almost abusive way. Still there is a good, hearty, honest vigour about him which carries us through a great deal. We do not quarrel with him for being a good hater of Schwiegler, or of anybody else whom his argument calls on him to hate. "We do not quarrel with him for having a tilt even at a scholar whom we so deeply respect as Sir George Lewis. Sometimes perhaps we may not quite like the way in which he wages his warfare with either. But we do not greatly mind it as long as it is merely personal. It is a graver fault when Dr. Dyer indulges, as he often does, in illiberal national reflections. Dr. Dyer mortally hates a High-Dutchman. "German," "Teutonic," and the like are with him always epithets of contempt. This ought not to be. Folly has before now come out of Germany as well as wisdom, but a good deal of wisdom has come also. Historical scholarship, philological scholarship, scholarship of every kind, owes far too much to the labours of German scholars to make it just or decorous, in discussing any matter of scholarship, to speak of Germans as Germans in any disrespectful way. And yet, even here, though we condemn, we do not wonder. Dr. Dyer's illiberal way of decrying everything German is a natural reaction against the dominant fashion of running after everything German. Some one, we forget who, in some of the late Essays or evidence about Liberal Education, was silly enough to say, in the grand, offhand style which strikes some people, "Good books are generally written in German." When people are foolish enough to talk in this way, it is no wonder if Englishmen's backs are set up. And a Scotchman's back—Dr. Dyer's doctorate is of St. Andrew's—is certainly not less likely to be set up than that of a South Briton. And we might perhaps remind disputants all round that the real beginner of the controversy was the Frenchman Beaufort.

It is a graver fault still, because it affects the whole of Dr. Dyer's method and argument, that he seems to have no notion whatever of the Comparative method of dealing with any subject. With him Roman history is simply Roman history, to be looked at simply by such light as Roman history itself can supply. It does not seem to come into his head that Roman history is part of the general history of the world, and that light may be thrown upon it by other branches of history, especially by the history of other kindred nations. In fact, Dr. Dyer has very vague notions of the relations of different nations and languages to one another. He has some dim conception of the connexion between the various Aryan languages, but it is only a dim conception. It will be seen exactly how far Dr. Dyer has got and has not got, when we say that he is at the stage at which he speaks of "the parent Sanscrit." But our main charge against him has reference to somewhat different matters. We will give an example. Sir George Lewis thought it quite possible that many of the early Roman laws might not be genuine, at any rate in their recorded shape—that the Pontiffs, for instance, might throw a mere usage into the form of a law, and that the formula thus framed might come to be taken for a real law of one of the early Kings. Dr. Dyer gets quite indignant at any such notion, and argues against it in a way which becomes almost passionate in its fervour. But his argument is purely *a priori*. No one would have dared to take such a liberty; if any one did take it, he would be sure to be found out. The answer is that men in other times and places have taken the strangest liberties with the names of early legislators, and that they have not always been found out, at least not in their own time. The Attic orators used the name of Solon in the most reckless way, quoting as laws of Solon decrees of

Assemblies at which some of their elder hearers might almost have been present. In our own history, we have nothing to do but to look at the collections of Thorpe and Schmid, and to see how large a space is occupied by the spurious laws, those of Edward the Confessor and others. It does not at all follow that, either at Rome or in England, a spurious law is of no historical value. It may be spurious, that is, it may not really be an enactment of the lawgiver whose name it bears, and yet it may be practically almost as good evidence of the state of the law at the time as if it were a genuine enactment. But all these cases, Roman, Athenian, and English, show the lax way in which the names of the ancient lawgivers were used, and thus they altogether upset Dr. Dyer's *a priori* argument.

Dr. Dyer again does not seem fully to realize the widely different degrees of value which may attach to different statements of the same author. If there is one point in early Roman history which seems to us to be proved beyond doubt, it is that *Populus* and *Plebs* were originally distinct bodies; not merely that one was part of the other or anything of that sort, but that they were distinct in the sense in which the French *Noblesse* and *Tiers État* were distinct. This, we hold, is distinctly proved, without going any further, by two or three passages of Livy, where such language is used as a thing being said to be done "a plebe consensu populi," and the like. Dr. Dyer quotes the passages, and sees that they have a force. But we doubt whether he fully takes in their special force. We doubt whether he quite sees that one passage of this sort proves more than a thousand passages in which the two words may be found used confusedly. When the words are used confusedly, Livy is simply speaking in his own person; he is using the language of an age in which *Populus* and *Plebs* had ceased to be distinguished. The two or three passages in which *Populus* and *Plebs* are pointedly distinguished derive their special value from the fact that in them Livy is clearly not speaking his own words. He is using words which, when he wrote them down, he must have thought strange and hardly intelligible. No one can doubt that he was simply repeating, almost like a parrot, the expressions of earlier records, belonging to the times when the distinction was fully remembered. Hence the special value and importance of those passages, passages emphatically to be reckoned "non numeris sed pondere." Dr. Dyer is fond of sneering at people who profess, with only the wrecks of Roman literature before them, to know more than Cicero and Livy and others to whom the whole thing lay open. No doubt ingenious men, Niebuhr and others, have been far too bold in building up theories which rest on very little evidence indeed. But there can be no doubt that we have some advantages in the way of judging even over Cicero and Livy. Dr. Dyer would hardly deny that, if we had the same materials, we should be much better able to judge. Our age has acquired the habit of criticism and comparison which their age had not. Their very familiarity of one kind with their own constitution and their own history rendered them far less able to use their lights than a modern scholar would be. Unluckily we have not all their lights; still they themselves often give us light enough to enable us to correct their own statements. Dr. Dyer is placed, by his own choice, in somewhat the same position in which Cicero and Livy were placed by their unavoidable destiny. The light of analogy and comparison, to which they had no access, is fully open to him; but he will not use it.

And yet, after all, the difference between Dr. Dyer and those whom he most bitterly attacks is only a difference of degree. Dr. Dyer, no less than Niebuhr, has both his destructive and his constructive processes. He chooses his authorities; he believes Livy and he rejects Dionysius. Undoubtedly it is in many cases impossible to believe both at once. But when Dr. Dyer determined to believe one and to disbelieve the other, it was as much an act of arbitrary private judgment as when Sir George Lewis determined to disbelieve both. Dr. Dyer again rejects many miraculous and other stories in the course of his narrative. He seems to think that in such cases it is enough simply to strike out the miracle and that the remainder will be trustworthy history. We hold this process to be highly unphilosophical. He argues that, in an age which believed in and expected miracles, the occurrence of miracles is a mark of genuineness; were miracles absent, it would be a sign that the story was invented or improved in some later or less believing age. Here again the Comparative method helps us. We have no contemporary history of the Roman Kings to set against the legendary history. But there are other times and countries—our own country among the foremost—of which we have both the contemporary and the legendary history, and from which we can learn what are the relations between the two. From them we learn that miraculous, romantic, and other wonderful embellishments are commonly no part of the original story. They are the moss which gradually gathers round the stone. Dr. Dyer would be far better able to judge how much is likely to be trustworthy in the history of the Roman Kings, if he had had a good spell of work at the history of the early English Kings. Many lessons of the same sort may be drawn from Grecian history, though, from our small stock of materials, we cannot trace the growth of legend so often or so fully. Roman history is in much the same state as early English history would be if we had to write it—as some people write it by preference—from Higden, Bromton, and Knighton. But this process of arguing from the known to the unknown seems never to have occurred to Dr. Dyer.

Dr. Dyer again, as we have already hinted, indulges in a constructive process no less than Niebuhr, Schwiegler, or Mommsen.

He believes in a personal Romulus, a degree of faith to which we cannot profess to attain. But Dr. Dyer's Romulus is not the old orthodox Romulus of the days before Niebuhr. Dr. Dyer will have nothing to do with Alba and her Kings. His Romulus is a Greek, or at least a person who had Greek forefathers a very few generations back. Dr. Dyer, by the help of this theory, explains several things ingeniously enough. Still it is just as much a theory, as much an act of divination, as any theory or divination of Niebuhr's. Livy had no notion of anything of the sort. The whole of the arguments by which Dr. Dyer goes about to upset the traditions of Aeneas, Lavinium, and Alba, and to set up his own theory of Romulus and the Greek origin of Rome, are of exactly the same class as the arguments by which Niebuhr and Mommsen go about to set up theories which are quite different.

We can hardly think that Dr. Dyer is likely to win back many scholars to the ancient faith. Yet public opinion, and above all, academical opinion, is so fluctuating on these points that there is no knowing what may happen. It is quite on the cards that, as Mommsen has supplanted Niebuhr, so Dyer may supplant Mommsen. But, without exactly expecting this, we have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Dyer's book as one which is quite worth reading by those scholars who give special attention to Roman history. They are not likely to adopt his conclusions as a whole, but they will find a good deal of matter for reflection by the way. For instance, astronomers and chronologers will do well to weigh Dr. Dyer's idea that the year of ten months, known to have been used in some cases, is that according to which the whole early Roman history was reckoned, and that the entire chronology of Regal Rome and of the early commonwealth must be reduced accordingly. Perhaps on the whole the result of a study of Dr. Dyer will be, not so much to adopt his views as, with Sir George Lewis, to reject all views. And yet we can hardly doubt that Sir George Lewis went too far in unbelief. And, though Sir George Lewis and Dr. Dyer represent the two opposite poles in the controversy, there are points in which they resemble one another. We suspect that a searching application of the Comparative method would have made Sir George Lewis believe more, just as it would make Dr. Dyer believe less. We suspect that a little practice in dealing with the legendary parts of mediæval history would be the best apprenticeship for an attempt to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the legendary history of Rome.

THE MEDICAL ASPECTS OF RAILWAYS.*

ONE can readily understand why the legal aspect of railways should be especially cheerful to those whom it more immediately concerns. Every line is a line of life to one or more lawyers. From the turning of the first sod to the last attempt at planting a ten per cent. debenture, the harvest is steady, and easy to gather. The medical aspect must be of a far different sort, if we judge by the reports of "railway cases." The conflict of professional evidence is usually bewildering, and the terrible way in which the medical small-fry are generally put down and extinguished by pitiless barristers is hardly calculated to make them regard railway matters with pleasant feelings. But there are certain other points of contact between railways and the medical profession, about which the public know little or nothing, and which, to say the least, invite very serious scrutiny. Now and then a startling case crops out, and the trouble taken to avoid publicity necessarily suggests that there must be something which requires concealment. For example, but for accident the public would have known nothing of the extreme zeal which sometimes inspires railway medical officials to do and dare what most men would shrink from. There was the railway doctor who thrust himself into the presence of a patient suffering under the effects of a severe collision, and announced himself as a great authority on such matters. The credulous patient placed faith in his assertions, accepted a cheque for some trifling amount, and signed a printed form of receipt releasing the railway from all further responsibility. Of course this was not the only form so signed, nor the only document of the sort thus printed. Nor was it ever told what percentage the doctors receive on such transactions. Take another instance—that of a poor fellow who had been what the Americans call "collided," and about whose case the medical attendant immediately wrote a very decided certificate as to the extent and severity of the injuries received. Late in the evening, and after the tired doctor had dined, a brother chip, engaged on behalf of the railway interest, took occasion to call on him. And their professional talk resulted in another certificate diametrically the opposite of that just previously given. Of course human nature is always fallible, especially after dinner; but, as a rule, "dog does not eat dog." Nor is this the only disagreeable medical aspect of railway matters. It must have occurred to many readers of railway accident trials, that by a remarkable coincidence the medical witnesses who appear for the Companies are generally selected from some half-dozen whose names become familiar by such association. They are always witnesses for the defence; practitioners of great experience and high position, who receive heavy retainers and usually manage to convey their opinions in one of three formulæ—either the plaintiff will get well very soon, notwithstanding the adverse medical evidence; or his cure will be greatly ex-

pedited by obtaining damages; or he is a bare-faced malingerer trading on the generous instincts of a British jury. Such opinions are usually delivered after a single cursory examination of the person injured, in direct opposition to the evidence of medical men who have observed the case throughout. They are so far estimated at their true worth that juries usually, in these contested cases, give the plaintiff heavy damages, meaning, of course, that they do not believe the doctors engaged for the defence.

It is evident that, in so high a class of professional witnesses, there must be some compensating advantage which serves to outweigh the sense of professional decorum. But an occasional heavy fee on a railway trial would be a poor set-off to the whispered comments, and the openly expressed belief, that doctors will swear to anything if sufficiently paid. It is well known to lawyers that a large majority of cases where injuries result from railway accidents are privately arranged, or, if the sufferer perseveres, are settled out of court. Here the representative medical officer of the Company becomes an important person, and nets a handsome income by the weight which his position, his experience, and his personal *aplomb* give to him in the professional conferences which determine the amount of damages in each case. It is said that the railways hold it judicious now and then to go to trial, just that the injured claimant may know the tremendous expenses which an adverse verdict would entail.

To these matters Dr. Ogden Fletcher makes no allusion in the work now under notice, and probably he would prefer that no reference should be made to them in connexion with his book. But if he will select such an absurd title as *The Medical Aspects of Railways*, he must accept the consequence. Some attempt has been made to remedy this indiscretion by advertising the work as being "On the Influence of Railway Travelling on Health"—a direct and audacious assumption of the title under which were republished some six years ago certain important papers that originally appeared in the *Lancet*, the result of the labours of a scientific Commission appointed to inquire into the subject.

The investigation of the influence of railway travelling on the servants of the Companies has a very limited bearing on the subject about which the public is chiefly interested. Certain French observers have issued very elaborate official reports on this matter, but Dr. Fletcher makes short work of the opinions of such men as Duchesne and Martinet, who believe that there are certain "maladies des mécaniciens" to which drivers and stokers are especially liable. His own inquiries have failed to discover any evidence of special diseases affecting their class, and therefore he concludes that either the symptoms have no existence, or the men are no more liable to special maladies than others whose occupations involve exposure to the weather. But in reality the health of those employed on railways has only a slight relation to the really important point—the influence produced on those who travel by rail. Drivers, stokers, and guards are picked men, trained to their work by a long and severe experience. Their physical condition is specially educated. To compare one of these men with an average traveller would be as absurd as to select an obese gentleman from the crowd watching a street acrobat, and require the flabby old person to go through a series of similar contortions.

In his second chapter, on "Accidents," Dr. Fletcher indicates the line of argument which marks the purpose of his book. In the beginning he says:—

In England the popular feeling is that all, or nearly all, accidents could be avoided by proper care, and we are apt to think, had it not been for Lord Campbell's Act making Railway Companies peculiarly responsible for injuries resulting from them, such casualties would occur more frequently, and that the precautionary measures which have been taken to prevent their occurrence would never have been adopted. It will be my object to show that in countries where Lord Campbell is hardly known, and certainly where none of his Acts are in operation, accidents do occur, and in some cases more frequently than in England.

The natural inference from these words is that it would be far better for those other countries if they did possess something like the Campbell curb, which we find so indispensable; and this very proper conclusion is as nearly as possible the reverse of that which the author intends to suggest. His real views on the matter appear to be that Lord Campbell was an impudent meddler, and that it is the duty of the travelling Englishman to take his railway smashings kindly, possibly even to present the engine-driver with a token of regard when he escapes with any of his limbs unbroken. This is how Dr. Fletcher puts the matter:—

Deaths from railway accidents of all kinds are, in the popular mind, attributed to gross carelessness and culpable indifference to the destruction of life. Now it seems to me that since human beings are fallible, and human machines are liable to get out of order, there will necessarily be a certain loss of life connected with railway travelling that must be considered unavoidable.

Such an obvious and palpable confusion between cases of sheer and unavoidable accident and those which are due to culpable negligence is very disingenuous. But it is even worse to attribute to perversity of the popular mind strong opinions on railway mismanagement which originated with the official inspectors sent by Government to report on the causes of railway accidents. Here is one sample of what these inspectors tell us on their official responsibility:—

It seems hopeless to expect that Railway Companies will do anything unless the Legislature compel them. I am afraid it is hopeless to expect any improvement, and I know that it is useless for an inspecting officer to con-

* *Railways in their Medical Aspects.* By James Ogden Fletcher, M.D., Medical Officer to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and Great Northern Railway Companies, &c. Birmingham: Cornish. 1867.

time to call attention to it.—*Report of Government Inspector, June 18th, 1866.*

The author can be still more cruelly severe when the mere public has been so audacious as to express an opinion. Dealing with the undignified rabble, Dr. Fletcher does not even condescend to write English, but disposes of *nous autres* in the following fashion:—

Englishmen have a proverbial privilege of grumbling, and few corporations have received more of this than Railway Boards. It has been the cry that parsimony, in overworking their pointsmen, &c., has often led to the destruction of human life, or the same result has been brought about from their apathy in availing themselves of suggestions, precautions, and improvements.

It is perfectly true that Railway Boards do exercise this proverbial privilege to a great extent, but it is not true that Englishmen are generally responsible for the serious results which his confused words attribute to them. If it be really meant that there is no just reason for supposing that railway officials are overworked and that accidents result from this cause, then Dr. Fletcher's assertion shows him to be "most ignorant of what he's most assured." Every one remembers the terrible collision in a tunnel near the Claydon Junction, on the Brighton line, about six years ago. This was the evidence of the signalman:—"I went on duty at eight in the morning, and should have remained on for twenty-four hours." As the lives of all who travel by train depend on the precision with which these railway officials do their work, and as they are men, not machines, the vilified Englishman has rather more cause to grumble than Dr. Fletcher seems willing to allow.

These inaccuracies indicate, to some extent, the bias of the author, so that when he directs attention to a subject about which the travelling public is extremely anxious, we cannot forbear looking with some suspicion on his evidence and conclusions. We want to know whether ordinary persons travelling much by rail, or managing to escape without much immediate damage from a railway accident, are specially liable to certain insidious diseases of the nervous system which ensue only slowly and gradually as the result of the vehement concussion of the cerebro-spinal system, and which certainly induce a lingering death by paralysis. The occurrence of the disease is indisputable, as is also its coincidence with excessive physical effort acting on enfeebled constitutional force. But the important point is, whether any ordinary traveller whose condition is, to say the least of it, flabby, can be rattled about like dice in a box without suffering considerably more than would be his lot if simply upset or severely damaged in any other mode of conveyance. To decide this point as to any secondary results accruing from railway accidents, Dr. Fletcher has collected 176 cases, which he presents in a detailed tabular form, that occupies about a third of his book. On the strength of these cases he ventures to assert:—

It is a satisfaction to know that, even in many of the severe cases where cerebral and spinal symptoms did exist immediately after the accident, a great majority of them passed away and left no trace of their previous existence in after years.

If his premisses were only to be depended upon, and his opinions quite impartial, this decision would be highly consolatory. But, unfortunately, the cases of progressive paralysis slowly developed after vehement concussion during railway accidents are too numerous and well authenticated to admit of any doubt on the subject. Willing to give Dr. Fletcher the benefit of every excuse that can be urged in extenuation of his erroneous assumption, it may be mentioned that his labour (in collecting these cases) was "considerably lightened by the kind and cordial assistance received from many professional friends, and the frank courtesy with which several Railway Companies have facilitated obtaining the required information." Possibly this "frank courtesy" abstained from hurting Dr. Fletcher's feelings, or damping his enthusiasm by supplying particulars of any really bad cases of disease resulting from railway injuries; certainly we miss from this table any complete account of those numerous instances of induced disease which have become notorious through public trials in which the plaintiffs received heavy damages. By such a simple test it is easy to estimate the real value of this laboriously compiled list of cases, and the only conclusion is one of regret that the author should have wasted so much industry. In whatever way Dr. Fletcher may have collected his table of cases, and arrived at the strong opinions he expresses, his evidence is certainly not of a quality which will assist in determining the question at issue as to the secondary results which ensue from severe railway accidents. This subject has been recently treated in a well-considered pamphlet by Mr. Erichsen, whom Dr. Fletcher in this book attacks with a vehemence that approaches discourtesy. So, also, those medical men who have from time to time testified to damages received by persons injured in railway accidents are assailed in very strong terms; an occasional error in diagnosis being assumed to represent the general character of their evidence. In fact, it would appear to be the fixed opinion of Dr. Fletcher that only railway doctors are capable of judging as to the nature of these cases.

We have noticed this book at some length, less on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses than because it exemplifies a class of semi-professional works by which the public may be easily misled, and an unfair verdict snatched on very partial evidence. It is an importation into literature of that evil method which has caused all scientific evidence to be viewed with suspicion in Courts of law. For it is not medical men only who

offend in this way. There are engineers and chemists and analysts and Parliamentary agents and architects and great contractors and other scientific luminaries ready to supply decided evidence, which other equally scientific luminaries are prepared to "chaw up" and demolish; the nature of the evidence on both sides having been the subject of previous arrangement, and the labour of the witnesses remunerated by heavy retaining fees. The remedy is obvious, being just one of those expedients which are neglected apparently because of their extreme simplicity. A jury of experts empaneled to consider any special questions, and required to furnish a report which should be held as evidence, would assist the administration of the law, and would greatly relieve the judge by giving precision to a most invidious task when it becomes necessary for him to make clear to the jury what he does not himself understand, what the opposing barristers really know nothing about, and what the eminent scientific adepts who gave evidence have left in inextricable doubt and confusion.

THE ROCK AHEAD.*

MR. YATES has prefixed to his novel a dedication, which, as we may venture to guess, is also intended to discharge the purpose of a testimonial. The gentleman whom Mr. Yates selects for the honour is M. E. Forgues, who has done the French public the service of reproducing two of Mr. Yates's former novels in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Further, we are told that he has frequently referred to Mr. Yates's novels in a flattering way in the pages of "that excellent periodical." Mr. Yates does perfectly right to be proud of the notice which he has received. A prophet who has less honour than he could wish in his own country may point with legitimate satisfaction to the credit which he has received from readers free from personal prejudices, and in some respects better qualified to express an opinion than native critics. We are not prepared indeed to accept the verdict of M. Forgues as conclusive, or to admit that Mr. Yates is a worthy representative of the best school of English fiction. We will presently give our reasons for holding that the *Rock Ahead* is not a work calculated to excite a very lively flutter of national pride. At the same time it would be unfair to deny that it possesses certain distinct merits, and merits which are likely to be rather over-valued by French writers. In short, Mr. Yates shows the power, which of all is the least common amongst English novelists, of being able to tell a story clearly and develop it artistically. The success of the school—in our opinion a very bad one—to which he belongs is principally due to the fact that, though their characters are flashy and unnatural, and their morality objectionable, they pay more attention to a good plot than is usual amongst writers of a superior class. And when we compare the art of the best English novelists with the admirable constructive skill possessed by some of their French rivals, we do not wonder that a novel which makes some approach to French neatness should receive more than its due share of credit abroad. The foreign critics have less means of judging of its faithfulness as a picture of English society, and are likely to be more sensitive than ourselves to its merits or defects as a mere bit of story-telling.

The *Rock Ahead*, then, has plenty of those peculiarities which shock the taste of cultivated English readers, but evidently attract the supporters of sensation literature. It is well flavoured with those descriptions of fashionable life, and of fast young noblemen on the Turf, by which the readers of shilling magazines are so strangely fascinated. "It was a soft bright night in early summer," says Mr. Yates, "and Beaumanoir Square was filled with flashing lamps and whirling carriages and stamping horses and excited drivers and roaring linkmen"; and he proceeds to describe the crowd which on such occasions gathers on the pavement for the exquisite pleasure of watching the entrance of the happy guests into an earthly paradise. The instinct which is so naively manifested on such occasions by the British public seems to animate the breasts of a large proportion of novel-readers. We may fancy that they have often stood round the door, solacing their souls by short glimpses of brilliant costumes as they flash across the narrow slip of pavement. As small boys flatten their noses against the windows of pastrycooks' shops, they have stood and gazed at the entrance to a region hallowed by the presence of the nobility. And now comes Mr. Yates, or some congenial writer, and proposes to gratify them by revealing the mysteries which they ignorantly adore. They follow him ecstatically, and listen with delight to the strange jargon of French and English which, as novelists tell us, is the habitual language of the British countess. They catch snatches of delightful conversation from those men about town who are supposed to be brimful of exciting scandals, and perfectly running over with knowledge of the world. They listen with even more exquisite delight to the vivid Turf-slang which is supposed to constitute the conversation of another class of young gentlemen. There is a remarkable charm about hearing a young lady called a "filly," and her lover described as "making strong running for her." Of the Turf, indeed, Mr. Yates says very truly, that "the lowest order of sporting man is the lowest order of anything. If any one wishes to be impressed with the depth of degradation to which the human species can be successfully reduced, he has only to go into the Strand on a day when some great event is coming off, and ob-

* *The Rock Ahead. A Novel. By Edmund Yates. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.*

serve the crowd of persons gathered round the office of the great sporting newspaper about four in the afternoon." To which we might add that, although the higher order of sporting man may be in every sense a gentleman, there are few people who can long touch pitch without being defiled. Notwithstanding, there is, as we have remarked, something inexpressibly attractive to the British public in the slang caught up upon race-courses and at betting-rooms.

Of this and of the other sources of interest noticed Mr. Yates has made unhesitating use; and the effect, to our taste, is to give an unpleasantly high savour to his pages. It is written a little too much as if from the social point of view of the flunkie and the trainer—both, it may be, estimable persons in their way, but not particularly qualified to give tone to a literary work of art. Mr. Yates has, however, discovered another source of interest in things of the Turf. The *Rock Ahead* is founded upon the history of a gentleman who, some years ago, brought considerable discredit upon our national institution by being found out. The late Mr. Palmer, to whom we refer, had the misfortune to be detected in a cold-blooded murder, which was believed to be only the culminating point in a long series of similar actions. The amount of notoriety accorded to murderers is singularly capricious, and depends in no small degree upon such accidental circumstances as the season at which they are discovered. It may be said of Mr. Palmer, however, that his performance was so exceptionally brilliant that it would have excited great attention even had his trial taken place during a debate on the Irish Church. Of all the murderers by whom our generation has been distinguished, he may be said to have been *facie princeps*; for, if others could rival him in the atrocity of the crowning act of his career, none could point to such a mysterious list of horrors in the background. The remarkable thing was that success, instead of making him perfect, had merely made him incalculable. It may perhaps be admitted that, as Mr. Palmer died for his country's good some dozen years back, he has passed sufficiently into the historical stage to be a fair subject for the novelist's art. Lord Lytton made an attempt—not perhaps of the most successful kind—to celebrate the less atrocious performance of Eugene Aram, and slipped insensibly into something like an apology for his hero. No one could turn Mr. Palmer into a victim of overstrained philosophy, but it may be permissible artistically to give an occasional description of an irreclaimable villain. The mere sensation novelist will make the description attractive as the *Newgate Calendar* is attractive, by piling up a sufficient heap of horrors. A superior artist may properly excite our disgust by analysing the coldblooded and diabolical nature of a superlative criminal. It is possible, though undoubtedly difficult, to treat such a story in an unobjectionable manner, without pandering to a mere morbid interest in revolting crime. To judge of Mr. Yates's execution of this difficult task, we must say a few words about his version of the story.

Mr. Palmer's parallel in the *Rock Ahead* is a gentleman who goes by the fictitious name of Gilbert Lloyd. He has, as we discover, been dismissed from his father's house for the boyish indiscretion of an attempt to poison his elder brother, the heir to the paternal property. Since that time he has lived upon his wits, which means, in this case, on the Turf. The *Rock Ahead* consists in the fact that the evidence of this attempt is in existence, and may be brought up against him by the person who possesses the secret. Mr. Lloyd, however, fancies that his family will not like to expose him; he picks up a questionable living, and manages to elope with a beautiful young girl from a boarding-school. Some time later, he is in the act of repeating Mr. Palmer's performance upon one of his Turf acquaintances at a Brighton inn, when his wife turns up by a most unseasonable accident. By singular ill-luck she discovers the crime, though too late to prevent it; and thus Mr. Lloyd has convictions for an attempted and a successful murder hanging over his head, the evidence of one being in possession of his father's executor, and that of the other in possession of his wife. His wife immediately leaves him, takes another name, and makes one of those grand successes which always await the heroines of novels upon the stage. Mr. Lloyd meanwhile hangs on to a stupid young nobleman, and, by managing his Turf affairs and other business, secures some very pretty picnings for himself. In fact, husband and wife might each succeed very well in their different lines if they could only keep apart. Unluckily, the brother whom Lloyd had attempted to murder comes up to town, and falls in love with the wife—neither of them being conscious of the other's relation to Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd is made exceedingly savage by this curious combination of circumstances, and his annoyance is aggravated by troubles with his noble patron or pupil. He tries to revenge himself by claiming his wife again, in hopes that she will not be able to prove the murder, or will at least think it worth while to buy him off. She defies him; the murder comes to light; Mr. Lloyd is hopelessly ruined, and winds up his part of the story by a dose of strichnine. In fact, he is treated to poetic justice of the most crushing kind. Unfortunately, a complication has arisen which is not so easily solved. His brother is left, at the time of his death, desperately in love with his widow; and their mutual relations have now been revealed. No reformer has yet proposed that a man shall be allowed to marry his deceased brother's wife, and one would apply a term of a very unflattering kind to such a connexion. Mr. Yates, however, has been "piling up the agony" till he is really in a difficulty. The lady and gentleman have made such desperate love to each other that, according to all the accepted rules of novelists, they must either marry or lead broken-hearted

lives ever afterwards. Mr. Yates is too soft-hearted to accept this last alternative, and therefore allows them to leave England and be vaguely "lost in the crowd," which apparently implies emigration to some land of laxer marriage laws. Probably they will have read Mr. Hepworth Dixon's works with great interest. In case any commonplace person should object to the arrangement, the virtuous nobleman of the story writes a letter expressing his approval of their conduct; and with such a sanction of incest we are left to suppose they are amply satisfied. No ordinary man could propose to put asunder those who have been joined together under the approval of a British peer.

This concession to sentimentality will strike most readers as disgusting. It drags the only people in the book whom we are expected to honour through the dirt, and makes incest the reward of persecuted innocence. It is difficult to suppose that a writer who indulges in such a catastrophe can take a very high moral tone in describing the murderer. Gilbert Lloyd, however, though his character is not very forcibly drawn, is made sufficiently loathsome. The novel is not so highly flavoured with an aroma of Newgate Calendar as might be expected; and though Mr. Lloyd is not a villain of the Macbeth order, he is better than the sentimental criminals in whom the lowest class of sensation writers delight. If the loves of the gentleman with his brother's wife were omitted, we should say that the moral tone was not objectionable, and that the story is better told than is usual with English writers. It is intended apparently to interest the snobbish sentiments of mankind, and to delight distant worshippers of fashionable slang; but otherwise it is above the ordinary level of the matter provided for lovers of flimsy amusement.

LANGUAGE AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.*

IN twelve lectures, each limited to sixty minutes, Mr. Whitney undertook to lay before the students of Yale College a full and accurate survey of the method and results of philological science. The task was a serious one, and the audience consisted strictly of learners, not of judges or critics. His book is therefore necessarily didactic, and perhaps more than necessarily ponderous. Possibly the power of imagination and the wealth of illustration which mark Professor Max Müller's lectures on the same subject point a contrast not favourable to more prosaic writers. But, in a volume which professes to deal with a science confessedly not yet settled in all points, it is useless to quarrel about the form. In a momentous controversy which goes to the root of our philosophical systems all that we have to be anxious about is the ascertainment of the truth; and if the differences between one school of philologists and another are really differences of principles, the more distinctly and broadly they are stated the better. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the real matters at issue, premising only that, whatever may be the result, Mr. Whitney has a claim on the gratitude of unprejudiced thinkers for stating that issue so plainly.

Briefly, then, Mr. Whitney casts in his lot with the Onomatopoeists, and ranges himself with Mr. Farrar against Professor Max Müller on some most important questions which, as concerning the very foundation of the science, must to whatever extent affect the superstructure also. It is easy to give a laughable name to almost any theory; and if the notion which sees in names only or chiefly the imitation of natural sounds can be dismissed as the "Bow-wow" theory, the mysterious character assigned to the origin of language by the school represented in this country by Professor Max Müller has not saved the other theory from being labelled "Ding-dong." Speaking generally, however, we may say that while the one school regards the origin of language as something different in kind from its development, and as exhibiting the force of impulses which, having done their work, died out altogether, the other affirms that the birth and growth of human speech exhibit nothing more wonderful and exceptional than our acquisition of the power of walking, or of judging by eye, touch, or ear. That this difference is essential, and that it must indefinitely affect our views, not only of human language, but of morality and religion, few will care to deny.

Professor Max Müller, while he asserted that no conclusions of philology tended necessarily to disprove the unity of the human race, still held, in the first series of his *Lectures on Language*, that "as there were families, clans, confederacies, and tribes before there was a nation, so there were dialects before there was a language." It followed that the hypothesis of one primitive and uniform Low-German language, for example, as the source of all the Low-German dialects, "is a mere creation of grammarians who cannot understand a multiplicity of dialects without a common type." Mr. Whitney frankly avows himself of the number, although he admits that Professor Max Müller's statement may, in this instance, be correct, because he goes back, not to the origin of speech, but only to a stage in its mid-course. In his opinion High and Low German dialects alike point to one common language, from which not only they, but all other dialects, are divergencies. If these supposed families or clans had not themselves a common origin, the differences, he argues, would have been not dialectic, but fundamental; if, on the other hand, they came from one stock, human nature, in the isolating tendency of individuals and the combining influences of a society, fully ex-

* *Language and the Study of Language.* Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit, and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

plains the phenomena of the case. The centrifugal tendency would issue necessarily in dialectical varieties; while the needs and interests of a community would furnish a centripetal force which would tend more and more to merge differences of dialect in a literary language. Hellenic and Latin dialects, far from proving that there was no common parent of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, prove, for instance, that *asti* and *est* would have had no existence "if a certain infernal community, at an unknown period in the past, had not put together the verbal root *as*, signifying existence, and the pronoun *ti*, meaning *that*, to form the original," and that these two predicative and demonstrative roots belonged to a language older than either Sanskrit, Latin, or Greek, and the common parent of them all.

What, then, are these roots? According to the theory adopted by Professor Max Müller, they are absolutely involuntary expressions of sensations aroused in the human brain by the phenomena of the outward world. It is an almost universal law that everything which is struck rings with its own peculiar sound, and speech is the ring of man, as the objects of cognition were impressed upon his mind. The word, in each case, was the response to the external touch; but the faculty which made him thus capable of framing general names died out with the need which it was designed to supply. When the stock of common terms was sufficiently large, it had no further work to do, and the subsequent development of language was therefore something different in kind from its genesis. This theory is combated by Mr. Whitney at every point, and with special earnestness at that point which identifies speech with thought. If language be the inevitable expression of the earliest conscious sensations, it follows that there could be no conscious sensation without speech; and thus thought implies language as its necessary adjunct, and where there is not speech there can be no thought, or, in other words, no reason. We seem to be brought here to a mere question of fact, and Mr. Whitney at once joins issue on the fact. According to Professor Max Müller, "our conceptions, which are now always clothed in the garment of language, would never have existed in a naked state"—an assertion which a friendly critic in the *Westminster Review* (January, 1865) dismissed as, to say the least, premature, and as leading into the unwholesome regions of verbal controversy. If it be said that "without words not even such simple ideas as black and white can for a moment be realized," it is easy to answer that the very expression implies that the idea must exist before it is realized; but Mr. Whitney prefers to draw his arguments from mental conditions which are certainly not unknown at the present day. In the first place, the adherents of the "Ding-dong" theory have, he asserts, in great part undermined their own ground. They have zealously prosecuted an analysis which has resolved all words now bearing an intellectual or moral meaning into words expressive originally of mere bodily or material ideas and sensations; and they have further traced these words, in their turn, to a number of roots still more sensuous in their meaning. Language is thus tracked to its very cradle, and thus far everything is confessedly the result of causes still in operation. Yet from this poor and scanty apparatus has been evolved the immense wealth of the most refined and delicate languages. We are reminded of Dr. Newman's argument from development in music to developments in religion; but in language the question is, whether causes which were sufficient to draw so much out of so little by a strictly natural and necessary process were not sufficient to produce these bare and naked roots from which all dialects spring, and whether this source is necessarily connected with thought at all. It is obvious that the proposition cannot be proved, unless we are prepared to maintain that only men who speak can think; and then we must prove this fact. The hackneyed anecdote from Herodotus, of the children who, being left wholly to themselves, proved the Phrygian language to be the most ancient, is ridiculous only as an attempt to determine the earliest historical form of language. As an attempt to determine whether a number of children, entirely separated from all fellowship with their kind, would speak, the experiment would be perfectly successful, but it is also quite unnecessary. The mere fact that speaking men, if isolated, or if deprived of hearing, lose partially or wholly their powers of speech, would of itself suffice to prove that any congregation of men brought up without any contact with their fellows would develop a speech of their own. A strong suspicion, then, is at once raised that speech has no necessary connexion with thought; and the suspicion is raised to certainty by a mere reference to the condition of deaf mutes, who clearly show the power and go through processes of reasoning, even while they may be wholly destitute of gesture language. Here, again, the very completeness with which a number of visible signs may supply the place of an articulate language shows that the connexion between thought and spoken language is an arbitrary one. Speech depends confessedly on our possession of the organs of voice; and Mr. Whitney argues that man, his other powers being what they are, would have framed some language or some mode of communicating his thoughts even if the gift of voice had been denied to him. The degree to which a gesture language prevails among low types of humanity, and the readiness with which in an imperfect form it is adopted by children, furnish further proof that in the infancy of the human race gesture language may, for an indefinite period, have supplied the place of articulate speech.

Nor, again, Mr. Whitney urges, is there any use in drawing distinctions between the thought of men who use phonetic signs

and of those who converse by gestures only, or of creatures about whom we can scarcely say that they converse at all. All predicative roots are, we are told, the expressions of general ideas; hence, as brutes have no such predicates, they must be destitute of general ideas. The argument can hold good only if the possession of general ideas must issue necessarily in their expression. But men who have never spoken have general ideas; for what, after all, are these? They are simply the impression made on the mind by resemblances or differences in sensible objects. As soon as we have perceived that A, B, and C resemble each other in certain attributes, and recognise D, E, and F by their points of likeness to A, B, and C, we have framed a general idea. If the points of likeness tempt us to neglect the points of difference, our induction is imperfect and faulty; and it is of this sort of induction that brutes are capable. But Mr. Mill, while he asserts that thus far nothing is required to render reasoning possible except senses and associations, and that for these mental phenomena there is evidently no need of language, adds that the inductions of uncultivated human minds are precisely like those of brutes.

We have then only to survey the mental processes which may be carried on without speech, in order to ascertain not only the mode in which speech was developed, but the enormous benefits which it has insured to us. To take Mr. Whitney's instance, the dog is not only possessed of general ideas, but he can even "draw a complex of syllogisms, when applying to present exigencies the results of past experience, and can determine that 'smoking water must be hot, and I shall take good care not to put my foot into it'; that is to say, 'water that smokes is hot, this water smokes, therefore this water is hot; hot water hurts, this water is hot, ergo it will hurt my foot.'" If he is unable to formulate his thoughts in this fashion, so also are most human beings, with many of whom, again, the power of numeration scarcely exceeds that of a crow, which can distinctly count three or four. Many savage tribes, after getting thus far, jumble up everything under a vague noun denoting multitude; at what time the Greek myriad ceased to do duty in this way we cannot tell, but a word merely signifying a confused and mingled mass must have been used originally to denote all objects beyond the point to which the powers of reckoning extended. Distinctions based on the reasoning powers of man as contrasted with those of brutes are futile. All that can be said is that brutes are without speech, not because they do not think or reason, but because consciousness exercises a less command in them over their mental operations; hence "their inability to hold up their conceptions before their own gaze, to trace out the steps of reasoning, to analyse and compare in a leisurely and reflective manner so as to perceive that each is capable of a distinct designation." As soon, then, as a creature is capable of abstracting the properties of an object from the object itself, it has manifestly got at something which may be named for the purpose of applying the name so gained to other objects in which these properties are found—not, however, at first for the convenience of the thinker (for the particular impression would be left on his mind by each particular object exhibiting these properties), but for the convenience of making others understand what the object is of which he may be thinking. Mr. Whitney thus comes to the conclusion that "man speaks primarily, not in order to think, but in order to impart his thought"; and he insists therefore that "there can hardly be a greater or more pernicious error, in linguistics or in metaphysics, than the doctrine that language and thought are identical." The advantage which thought gains from its command of speech is incalculable, but it is incidental, "something intended, indeed, and a necessary implication in the gift of speech to the human race; yet coming as a consequence of something else, growing out of that communication which men must and will have with their fellows." But the theory advocated by Professor Max Müller in the first series of his lectures (it is materially modified, if not practically abandoned, in the second) asserted that

Thought tends to burst into expression by an internal impulse instead of under an external inducement, and with this it couples the gratuitous assumption that the impulse ceased to act when a first start had thus been given to the development of human speech. In effect, it explains the origin of language by a miracle, a special and exceptional capacity having been conferred for the purpose upon the first men and withdrawn again from their descendants.

Mr. Whitney has no sympathy for the tone of thought which seeks to discover some force at work in the formation of language "differing entirely from that which directs the whole after-course of linguistic development." All schools of philologists carry us back from words denoting intellectual ideas to words expressing material sensations or wants, and from these to roots indicating still more sensuous conceptions; they exhibit the slow and almost painful process by which complex language was developed from these poor beginnings, and their researches point the way to a further region of gesture language preceding the rise of articulate speech. The miracle is therefore banished to the land of Hippogriffs and Trolls; and the phenomena of language must be taken to mean what they appear to mean. The idea that a speech exhibiting apparent signs of previous development may have been given to the first man created with a mature body, likewise exhibiting all the signs of growth from a natural birth, is a violent assumption "which imputes to God a wholly degrading readiness to trifle with, even to deliberately mislead and deceive, the reason which he has implanted in his creatures." The like argument, that strata and fossils in strata may be mere phantasms to impress upon us an idea of age not corresponding with facts, was urged by

Dr. Newman in his Sermons at St. Mary's, Oxford—and, whether in geology or in language, not a few perhaps cling to the notion still.

Is language, then, of divine origin? Mr. Whitney's reply is brief and candid. All that man has ever done has been done by virtue of capacities imparted to him by the Creator; and his speech is as much a divine gift as his faculty of walking, or his senses of sight and touch—neither more nor less. We have learnt to walk and judge by means of our eyes and ears, slowly, and with pain and difficulty; and mankind has learnt to speak in the same way. Is the hand of the Creator, Mr. Whitney asks, "any the less clearly to be seen, or the less devoutly to be acknowledged, in its production, if we regard man himself as having been created with the necessary impulses and the necessary capacities for forming language, and then as having possessed himself of it through their natural and conscious workings?"

The science of language, in Mr. Whitney's judgment, knows of no break in the growth of speech, or of the working of any causes except those which are still in operation. It draws no line between one race of man or another, and refuses to deny the title of man to races even of absolute muteness. Mr. Farrar, a zealous advocate of the Bow-wow theory, runs off to the conclusion that "man is a very much nobler and more exalted animal than the shivering and naked savage whose squallid and ghastly relics are exhumed from Danish *kjøkken-møddings*, and glacial deposits, and the stalactite flooring of freshly opened caves." But as he affirms that these primitive beings closely resembled the Tasmanian, Feejeean, and Greenlander, the latter presumably are not men. Mr. Whitney keeps aloof from this or from any other theory; but the conclusions of both alike seem hopelessly opposed to the idea of a being created in the mature exercise of his powers, and able to name outward objects as they first passed before him. It would be absurd to disguise the seriousness of the controversy, but it is clearly right to allow each antagonist to speak for himself.

ENGLISH SEAMEN AND DIVERS.*

M. ESQUIROS'S industrious resolution to make the French know all about the English, and then, through the medium of translation, to make the English know all about themselves, still keeps him steadily at work. It is not very long since he gave us an elaborate account of our clergy. He now proceeds to deal with a body of men whom we may be said to prize almost as highly. After exploring the ins and outs of our spiritual teachers, he goes on next to our material defenders, about whom he has a good many things to say which are not so generally known as they ought to be in a country where so many cart-loads of padding are produced every year. We cannot say that M. Esquiro's sketches are much above padding in point of vigour or depth, but then they are marked by the characteristic qualities of French style in such a degree as to acquire a certain air of distinction and weight that is wanting to the less artistic efforts of the English paddler. The French facility of resort to a *principe* is an immense advantage; so is their amazing power of generalization. As their cooks are famous for making the most ravishing dishes out of the scantiest material in the way of meat, so their writers can with equal skill concoct you a delightful and satisfactory general proposition out of almost nothing at all. Thus M. Esquiro has got it into his head as a surprising fact that "old English poets, sons though they be of a maritime nation, have seemed very little to comprehend the true beauties of the ocean," and refuses even to except Shakespeare. Of course so remarkable a circumstance imperatively demands explanation. So we have it. "No fixed laws had then been discovered to account for facts which those of the old time looked upon as nothing more than the obscure caprices of nature." It is science "which during the last century or so has brought to light the real poetry of the sea." Now how can anybody content himself with such a bit of shallowness as this? First of all, there is no finer sea-piece in any language than the storm in the *Tempest*, which we fear must have slipped out of our author's memory. Secondly, does M. Esquiro mean to say that there is no real poetry of the sea in Homer or the Book of Job? Yet, if science was necessary to bring this to light, neither of these poets had any business to be poetic about the sea. This is an illustration of something which does not exist receiving a more than adequate explanation. In another place, M. Esquiro accounts for the familiar request made by children in the street that the passenger should please to "remember the grotto," on the ground that "it is an English principle that every labourer deserves his pay." Not an exclusively English principle, we should be inclined to think. Then we have a good many peculiarities of the English sailor noted, such as that he looks upon his ship as a person, that he has a chivalrous imagination, and so on—which are not peculiar to our sailors at all. A French sailor looks upon his ship as a person, just as much as an English one does; and a good deal of what M. Esquiro politely calls chivalrous imagination is only grossness and stupidity—qualities in which a Norwegian or a Danish or a Russian tar is precisely on a level with him, however superior the Englishman may be in nautical pluck and skill. Chivalrous imagination is rather too fine a name for the qualities which made the hero of one of M. Esquiro's anecdotes insist upon marrying a woman by way

of reparation for having had her locked up all night on the ground that she had stolen his watch and purse. We should be disposed to attribute such an action less to a fine spirit of chivalry than to rum. But then it is very difficult to make out that rum has anything to do with any known *principe*. In something of the same way we conceive that many of M. Esquiro's reflections are a little overdone. His emotions are perhaps not so fully under control as a plain man might desire. Seeing a man-of-war launched, he is almost overcome with the solemnity of the moment. The silence was almost religious. The spectators have an emotion excited among them, "which is doubtless connected with some kind of presentiment of the dangers she is about to brave, and the destruction which it may be her fate to bring on others. To what fortune is she destined? Will she bear a part in some naval engagement, and if so, against whom?" Certainly these reflections are not unnatural, but then they are slightly superficial and more than slightly futile, and one does not see why there should be any end to them. A man may just as well go on wondering about ever so many other points in her inscrutable future; indeed one supposes that the number of these futile questionings will be in nice proportion to the depth of his mental solemnity. The Black Book at Lloyd's is another of the many things which inspire M. Esquiro with some very impressive reflections. The entries here are "laconism of the deep; it is as if one saw the billows open and close again on the doomed ship." Its announcements are "frigid and taciturn as fate itself," and "make the mind conjure up many a sad drama," and so forth. It is all quite true, but a reflection may be so unassailably and inexpugnably true as to be tedious for that very reason. And some things which strike M. Esquiro as very true do not impress us in quite the same way. For example, he clutches at the definition of Lloyd's that was given to him by a City merchant. "Lloyd's," said the merchant, "is a spider planted in the centre of a web which covers the whole sea, and the shipwrecked vessels are the dead flies." This comparison would be very clever if it could be made to hold water. Now a spider draws his sustenance from the flies, but Lloyd's makes nothing but loss out of the wrecks. The City merchant would surely have been nearer the mark, and he would have been even more original, if he had said that Lloyd's is as the apothecary's pot of ointment, and that wrecks are the dead flies in that. One of the facts chronicled by our instructor excites much less enthusiasm than we should have anticipated. There are sheds in the Victoria Docks, he informs us, which are able to contain as much as a hundred thousand tons of guano. M. Assolant would have taken up his parable, and given us twenty pages of brilliant epigram on England, on the strength of such a circumstance.

A good fourth of the volume is taken up with an account of Greenwich Observatory, and though an elaborate description of the old pastime of *Kiss-in-the-ring* does not seem particularly called for, still the author does tell us a good many things that very few people are likely to know. The Observatory hates the profane vulgar, and perhaps a foreigner might be made more welcome than a mere native. M. Esquiro would not be the first traveller who had found out this rule, which perhaps is not more prevalent here than in other countries. At any rate he gives us a fuller account than any we know of, in an equally popular and intelligible form, of the interior and the business of the Observatory. Some of his facts will surprise an Englishman as much as they surprised M. Esquiro. He tells us that "Mr. Airy preserves, in a very curious collection, letters that he has received from all classes of persons asking what his terms are for *drawing a horoscope*; sometimes it is a young man wishing to know who will be his wife; at others it is a lady, on the eve of embarking in the great business of life, who desires to consult the stars." Inquirers sometimes present themselves in person. A certain time back a well-dressed young lady came to inquire about a sailor who had gone somewhere in the Pacific, and of whom nothing had been heard for several years. When she was told that the observation of the stars could disclose nothing as to the fate of her lost sailor, she went away, so M. Esquiro assures us, bathed in tears. In a very different order of facts, we are told of another curious thing. An observer communicates the transit of a star by striking a knob which, awakening an electric current, communicates the intelligence in the Chronographic Room. On this vibration, it is said, each observer makes his own special impression. The vibration, by its character, reveals to the other assistants which of them it is that is operating, and, moreover, by peculiarities of tone discloses the peculiar mood or humour in which he happens to be. A more familiar, but equally striking, circumstance is that "each observer, although operating with the same instrument and guided by the same plan, perceives a celestial phenomenon—as, for instance, the transit of a star—either sooner or later than another one does." Hence an average or standard has been established, an observer's deflection from which is expressed by his personal equation. "The most singular thing," as M. Esquiro says, "is that the value of this personal equation is different in the same individual as regards the various celestial bodies; some can very quickly discern the phenomena of a fixed star who are much slower in perceiving those of the moon, and vice versa." Not the least curious people in the Observatory must be the Computers, persons usually altogether ignorant of astronomy, occupied from morning until night in adding up tremendous columns of figures, varied, we presume, by an occasional bit of subtraction or division by way of refreshment. Mr. Airy told M. Esquiro that these persons always do their work best when their ignorance as to what it is all about is

* *English Seamen and Divers.* By Alphonse Esquiro. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.

darkest. The horological achievements of Greenwich struck M. Esquirois immensely. The notion of the great mother-clock in the Observatory communicating the time instantaneously to Newcastle, Deal, and ever so many other places in the twinkling of an eye appears to him, as it does to the rest of us, a very wonderful exploit. The inference which he draws is not quite evident. Can we doubt, he asks, that this exact measurement of time contributes in a great measure to the development among our neighbours of that system of punctuality which is looked upon by them as the soul of business? Surely this is rather a putting of the cart before the horse. We take a great deal of trouble about our clocks, and about having the time accurately and amply registered, because we put a high value on punctuality.

M. Esquirois has not much new to tell us about divers. He went down in our ancient friend, the diving-bell at the Polytechnic, and describes this daring enterprise with much gravity. He did not go down in the diving-bell at Plymouth Breakwater, because the foreman of the works would not allow him, but he saw the workmen go down, and he did his best to imagine their sensations, giving us probably a much more vivid picture by this process than a mere reproduction of the actual sensations would have done. At Dover he was more fortunate. There he encased himself in a diving apparatus, and actually went to the bottom of the sea. He does not seem to have been very happy there, nor to have seen anything worthy of special record. He made his way up again with decent haste, "the impressive silence and gloomy solitude of the waters" being as unpleasant to him as they would be to most people. We may agree with M. Esquirois that, of all the people who work with the sea, the diver has the gloomiest task. The exploration of a great wreck in the twilight of the bed of the sea must be one of the dismallest pieces of work in the world. Wandering about in the dark and desolate corridors of the sunken ship, with the corpses of drowned creatures floating about his helmet, groping hither and thither for he knows not what, the diver needs more nerve even than those other toilers of the sea who confront the tempest on its surface.

ROSSETTI'S ART-CRITICISMS.*

THE position of an art-critic in England, even when he is undeniably in the first rank, cannot be very satisfactory to a writer who has either much personal ambition, or even the desire to exercise a permanent and appreciable influence without reference to his own fame. For reasons relating far more to politics than to art, all the newspapers and most of the important reviews are anonymous, and although an anonymous writer may be well known in London amongst people connected with journalism, he is never known to the nation. Periodical literature, it is true, has great influence, but when a writer drops out of it his influence ceases, except so far as he may have given an impulse to the writing of his successors. There is, consequently, a great temptation to reprint articles contributed to the periodicals, and "Notices reprinted, with Revisions" have been tried as an experiment in many instances, though publishers are very shy of them, and authors rarely derive much advantage from them either in money or reputation. The difference between the position of an English critic and that of a French one is, with regard to the chances of reputation, so very considerable that men of the same rank in criticism are celebrated in France when they are all but unknown in England. The Englishman writes anonymously, and his only chance of reputation is a reprint; but publishers either will not reprint his articles at all, or, if they do, both they and he will probably repent the experiment. The Frenchman signs every article with his name when it first appears in the newspaper, and, if he is a writer of any note, easily finds a publisher willing to issue his articles in a volume, which is likely to be saleable enough. The English objection to reprints seems to be founded on a curious illusion, on the part of the public, that it has already read—that is, that each individual member of it has already read—everything that has appeared in the critical journals. A gentleman looks over a Review at his club, seeing perhaps one number out of three, and reading one-third of the articles in that; yet when he sees a reprint of articles which have already appeared in the Review in question he believes that he is acquainted with them beforehand, and looks upon the volume as a collection of old news. Clever writers who are aware of this often use up their old articles in new books, sometimes not even taking the trouble to remodel the phraseology, but copying whole pages or columns; and what is amusing is, that there is very little danger that the general reader will find them out. In these cases the writer, of course, takes very good care not to put the fatal word "reprint" either as verb or substantive, on his title-page or in his preface, and discreetly keeps silence as to the sources from which he collected the materials of his book. His critics, too, if endowed with average good-nature, will not betray him, or perhaps do not know his old articles well enough to prove that the book is not new, and the general reader takes to it as a novelty.

Mr. William Rossetti has not condescended to these excusable arts, but has reprinted his articles in the most open and avowed manner, stating the fact very frankly on the title-page. Now although this is very right, and although it would be regrettable if articles as good as Mr. Rossetti's were not

reprinted in some form, still we have an objection to the volume at starting, which, as it applies to other volumes of the same class, it may be worth while to insist upon. Mr. Rossetti's republication, like too many republications, is a volume, but it is not a book. First, we have four reviews of Royal Academy Exhibitions, reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*; then an article from the *Edinburgh Weekly Review*, on the "Externals of Sacred Art." This is followed by papers on the "Epochs of Art as represented in the Crystal Palace," after which come papers on the two international Exhibitions of 1855 and 1862, one on pre-Raphaelitism, a good many others on contemporary painters and designers, a review of Thorburn's "Life of Turner," an estimate of Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave as a writer on art, a chapter on British sculpture, and then, by a sudden transit to the outermost islands of Asia, a chapter on Japanese woodcuts. The only connexion between all these papers is that they are all in some way concerned with art, and are written by the same hand; but British sculpture does not, in any obvious way, lead up the mind to Japanese woodcuts, and it has not been the aim of the author to mould his materials into a book having unity. It would be unjust, however, to infer that a volume may not be well worth having in spite of the absence of unity, for when works of literary art, each of which has perfect unity within itself, are so small that it would be impossible to make a volume of each of them, it is customary, and has always been considered allowable, to bind them together without pretending to any other connexion than the material one of the binder's making. Mr. Rossetti's articles are not very closely connected, it may be, but his volume is just as much a book as the volume called *Tennyson's Poems*.

It is dedicated, very rightly and reverently, to the author's mother, who may be congratulated on having three distinguished children. "In all filial love," says Mr. Rossetti, "I dedicate this little book of criticism to my mother, whose dear example ought to have taught me the critical virtues of sound judgment, perfect modesty, and infallible truth-telling." We are not quite sure whether Mr. Rossetti means us to understand that the maternal example not only ought to have taught him these virtues, but actually has done so, in which case, as they are very great and difficult virtues indeed, we should rather doubt whether the second of them has been so fully acquired as the writer appears to believe. Indeed we rather take objection to the dedication on the ground that, although virtue is needed for sound judgment and infallible truth-telling, something more is necessary. To judge soundly, and tell the truth infallibly, it is not enough to be ever so virtuous; there are plenty of very virtuous women who hardly ever form a sound judgment, or tell a story with anything approaching to accuracy, much less to infallibility. We are very willing to believe that Mr. William Rossetti is virtuous, and we do believe him to be perfectly honest, but we doubt in some instances the soundness of his judgment, and the infallibility of his statement and discovery of truth. Mr. Rossetti, however, is not to be understood as claiming infallibility, like Mr. Ruskin and the Pope of Rome; what he means probably is that he will not knowingly write anything that is untrue. It is difficult, however, to know one's own opinion without something more than virtue, for a man requires a good deal of intellectual acumen to find out what he himself really thinks about anything, and it costs, besides, a very great deal of trouble. The art-critics are perhaps peculiarly unfortunate in this respect, and many of them do not write what they really think, but what they believe they ought to think, and perhaps think that they think. The world of art is governed by prejudices and traditions of such tremendous strength that it requires a great effort to attain independence; and the very effort itself, the very necessity for hedging round original opinion with defences against certain attack, is enough to upset the perfect equilibrium of the judgment. If an art-critic is professedly orthodox, it is pretty certain either that he is not an original thinker, or else that he keeps his thoughts to himself, and, not having moral courage to incur the bitter and contemptuous hostility of the orthodox, writes only what he knows to be safe. Mr. Rossetti is not an orthodox writer any more than Mr. Ruskin is; but, on the other hand, he approaches more nearly to intellectual balance than Mr. Ruskin, though less forcible and less able to enlist the sympathies of the reader. It is singular that no other writer on art has obtained anything near so many readers as Mr. Ruskin; but in the case of Mr. Rossetti, this want of popularity—for he is certainly not popular—may be attributed to his intellectual tendencies; he is rather too intellectual for the ordinary reader to follow him with perfect ease, and especially too much given to broad views of art and extensive deductions, which many readers do not easily grasp. For instance, here is a very good passage on style, which would only be thoroughly understood and assimilated by the small intellectual class. It is admirably written, and is really exceedingly clear, but few artists would read it, and few of the large public which amuses itself with pictures would care to realize the meaning of it:—

There is a considerable difference between what we imply by the abstract term "style" in art, and the meaning of the same word as applied to literature. It is incomparably more important in the former case than in the latter, and for this reason—that, in art, the means of signifying a thing is the actual representation, image, or partial realization of it; whereas, in literature or speech, it is a mere conventional symbol, having no intrinsic resemblance whatever to the thing signified. The word "man," for instance, is nothing beyond three letters and a sound; but the picture man is a real man in form and colour. Or we might make the practice of picture-writing serve as our illustration. The excellence of literary style in picture-writing would consist simply in clearness and conciseness, but the excellence

* *Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary. Notices reprinted, with Revisions, by William Michael Rossetti. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.*

[May 16, 1868.]

of artistic style (supposing it to be aimed at here as in an ordinary picture) would present a real and fine image of the thing itself. Now the difference between the most slovenly and diffuse and the most emphatic and concise style of picture-writing, as read off into words, would be extremely small compared with the difference between the meanest and the finest pictured form, considered as real representations. The worst distinctive picture word for King Sesostris would still read "King Sesostris" very nearly as well as the best; but fancy the difference between the worst distinctive and the highest characteristic or ideal portraiture of King Sesostris as a work of art!

This of course is an extreme illustration of our position, but it is not a false one. Of course, too, style is important in literature; but it is not so important, nor does the term there, in its widest acceptation, imply nearly so much as, in the narrowest, it does in art. For, in art, you cannot have a fine, a noble, a bold, or a timid style, without having therein a fine, noble, bold, or timid representation, or actual image, of the thing signified. In fact style in art may be said to include everything beyond the choice and conception of the subject itself, and the mere accuracy or otherwise of its embodiment. It is thus a third of the whole battle, being, in one word, the artist's embodied perception (as distinct from his concepitive) faculty; and no school can be great in style without being *ipso facto* great in art. That Michael Angelo chose noble subjects, and conceived or thought them out greatly, was not a matter of style, nor yet that he drew or coloured them accurately (when he did so), but that he represented them nobly *was* a matter of style. The term includes all the rest of his performance in art. In like manner, the whole difference between the early Italian, the French, and the British schools, is difference in subject and conception, in accuracy, and in style. If a Frenchman and an Englishman both choose one domestic subject, and both paint it accurately, one might at the first blush assume that the two pictures would be greatly alike; but they would not prove so, the styles would be sure to be extremely diverse. It will be observed that we are not here speaking of the minor differences of style, or what is more properly termed "manner" between artist and artist, but of the dominant way of looking at things, and of expressing them—of style as a many-phased but permanent element in *all* art.

This latter passage, in which it is assumed that both a Frenchman and an Englishman might paint the same subject accurately, and yet that their pictures would be extremely diverse, implies that Mr. Rossetti has not fully realized the fact that all style is a departure from accuracy in favour of mental expression. Perfectly accurate works would have no style at all, and accurate pictures of the same subjects, from the same points of view, under the same effects, so far from being extremely diverse, would be so precisely alike as to be indistinguishable one from the other. Style is the accent of preference and choice, and good style is that which shows noble preferences. We entirely agree with Mr. Rossetti in the immense importance which he attributes to good style, even when he puts it so strongly as this:—"If you have good style, you have simply and entirely good art." Of course, for good style not only implies noble preferences, but a perfect command of means, so that the suggestions in nature which are best worth taking are immediately and efficiently acted upon.

Beyond his intellectualism, which we find no fault with, another impediment to popularity in the case of Mr. Rossetti may be a habit of cursory allusion, as if he were talking with some friend of equal and similar culture. Now the public is not a friend of that kind, and when there are allusions which it cannot readily follow, it skips the page. One or two of Mr. Rossetti's articles are dry from their mere brevity of method, from the rapidity with which he goes over the ground, not having time to say anything which may attach our interest to one part of his subject before it is broken by the too immediate sequence of the next. When he dwells upon a point he is often both interesting and instructive, but culture has had its effect upon him by putting his manner beyond popular sympathies. The only writer on art who, having culture, has retained the popular qualities unimpaired is Mr. Ruskin, and this may be because art has been for him much more a religion than a philosophy. We have often thought, when listening to the fervid eloquence of some convinced and intolerant artist, that the best condition for writing very powerfully upon art, and in such a manner as to move large bodies of readers, would be a condition of violent and scornful bigotry such as his. But true criticism is always a philosophy, because the critical spirit is, by its nature, not a spirit of energy and faith, but of tranquil examination; and the more truly critical is a writer on art, the less is he capable of fervour, the less will he display of what looks like inspiration. Mr. William Rossetti has been for years in this thoughtful and philosophical stage, and the consequence is, that because he is more critical than Mr. Ruskin his audience must be much smaller than Mr. Ruskin's audience. The collection of criticisms in this volume is valuable, but, as a book, it is not likely to endure permanently. If Mr. Rossetti desires to leave an enduring result of his labours in this field, it may be in his power to do so by writing some work conceived from the first as a *book*, and not as articles for newspapers and magazines. The English public has, however, remarkably little sympathy with the purely critical intellect; and nothing in this country has slighter chances of permanence than criticism, especially the criticism of contemporary art, which is dispersed and in great part forgotten after the closing of the Exhibitions.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE life of Kepler * is a subject worthy of the most accomplished biographer, and especially attractive to a patriotic German. Kepler does not belong to that class of discoverers and thinkers, like Copernicus or Kant, whose genius may be eloquently eulogized, whose little personal peculiarities may be affection-

* *Johannes Kepler.* Von Dr. E. Reutlinger, unter Mitwirkung von C. W. Neumann und dem Herausgeber C. Gruner. Th. I. Stuttgart: Gruner. London: Nutt.

ately recorded, but whose biographies cannot be rendered generally interesting owing to the uneventful character of their lives. Kepler's career was full of vicissitudes. At times the companion and adviser of princes and generals, at other periods he underwent the most dreadful privations, and his life was chequered with incidents of a truly tragic cast. The nobility of his character can hardly be overrated, any more than the splendour of his genius; and on the whole he deserves, and more than justifies, the zealous hero-worship of his present biographers. The amount of labour undertaken by them is really extraordinary, and has resulted in the elucidation of a mass of previously unknown details. It may almost be questioned whether we have not got too much, and whether Kepler himself is not somewhat lost amid the accumulated particulars about his kindred and every one connected with him. In a literary point of view, the work is respectable, but scarcely more; the substance is good, but the style rather diffuse and rhetorical. The principal writer is a man of science, who appears fully impressed with the importance of Kepler's achievements in relation to subsequent discovery, and with the necessity, for their right appreciation, of thorough acquaintance with both the science and the superstition of his contemporaries. The work is to be divided into four books, of which only the first is as yet published. It contains the philosopher's history down to what Dr. Reutlinger aptly terms his *Hegira*—the journey to Prague in 1600. Although Dr. Reutlinger has mainly conducted the work, both in its literary and its scientific departments, the life and soul of the enterprise has been his coadjutor, Herr Gruner, secretary to the committee for erecting a memorial to Kepler in his native town. This patriotic citizen explains in his preface how the biography grew out of the monument, the erection of which took nearly twice as long as the siege of Troy, and how he has been obliged to devote two entire years to the work, and become responsible for all the expenses. We trust that his countrymen will not suffer him to be a loser, and are glad to perceive that he numbers Queen Victoria among his many distinguished patrons.

The first volume of Hotho's history of painting since the Christian era* is entirely devoted to the archaeological department of the subject. The mural paintings of the Roman catacombs, the mosaics of Constantinople and Ravenna, the Byzantine school of painting, the miniatures of the age of Charlemagne, the subsequent decay and revival of art, form successively the subjects of interesting chapters, written in a remarkably concise and unadorned style. The history comes down to the end of the thirteenth century.

Dr. Schenkel † is rapidly assuming a prominent, we might almost say a leading, rank among that section of German divines which at once occupies an advanced position as regards Hengstenberg, and a conservative one with respect to the Tübingen school. He is not so much indebted for this prominence to extraordinary erudition or commanding genius as to his industry, his practical knowledge of business, his intrepidity and at the same time conciliatory spirit, his influence with the ruling powers of Baden, and the unsuccessful attempts of his enemies to make a martyr of him. It is natural that his thoughts should turn to his more celebrated predecessor, who began by recalling German theology from its cold moralizing torpor, and ended as the unsuccessful opponent of the fanaticism into which the impulse communicated by himself had degenerated. Dr. Schenkel is hardly the man to enter fully into the distinctive characteristics of Schleiermacher's mind, and in this point of view only qualified praise can be awarded to his biography. The practical and mechanical departments are excellent, with the sole reservation that the book is considerably too long. Schenkel's industry is wonderful, his critical perception very good, and the absence of profound views or brilliant passages is compensated by the prevalence of sound good sense. He is always at his best when quitting the region of ideas for the elucidation of hard palpable facts, as, for instance, when he deals with Schleiermacher's relations with Friedrich Schlegel, and the part he played in the great controversy occasioned by the King of Prussia's attempts to alter the Liturgy.

A series of essays in philosophy and theology, by Julius Hammerer ‡, proceed from the conservative side in both. Malebranche, Jacobi, Renan, are among the subjects treated of, always in an attractive style, and with considerable ability. The most original are those which discuss the phenomena of ecstasies and "stigmatized" nuns; and the most interesting of any is the biography of the philosopher Franz Baader in his youth.

Kranichfeld's learned commentary on Daniel § is mainly directed to prove the early origin of the book, which German critics have almost unanimously referred to the period of Antiochus Epiphanes. He seems to contend that the passages supposed to refer to transactions under the reign of that prince have been misinterpreted, without pointing out very clearly to what else they can apply.

Herr Oertel || has an easy task in establishing, after Paley, the historical character of those portions of the Acts of the Apostles

* *Geschichte der Christlichen Malerei.* H. G. Hotho. Ließ. I. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Friedrich Schleiermacher. Ein Lebens- und Charakterbild.* Von Dr. D. Schenkel. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

‡ *Christenthum und moderne Cultur. Studien, Kritiken und Charakterbilder.* Von Julius Hammerer. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Das Buch Daniel. Erklärt von R. Kranichfeld.* Berlin: Schlawitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Paulus in der Apostelgeschichte.* Von J. R. Oertel. Halle: Schwabe. London: Williams & Norgate.

which relate to the travels of St. Paul. The preface contains some excellent observations on M. Renan and his book.

The same conservative tendency is apparent in A. Klostermann's very careful and minute examination of the Gospel of St. Mark.* He adopts the tradition of Papias, which makes Mark the reporter of St. Peter. This is a very intelligible view for those who contend that Mark's gospel was the groundwork of St. Matthew's, but not easily reconcileable with Klostermann's own view that Mark had Matthew's gospel before him when he wrote. There would in this case be hardly any room for a Petrine element left.

Bleek's lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews †, edited by Dr. Windrath, form a sort of compendium of his celebrated commentary on the same book. Some alterations and improvements have been introduced.

Uhlich ‡, the well-known leader among the German Catholics (not Roman Catholics by any means), possesses in an eminent degree the talent of popularizing the researches of more learned scholars and original thinkers than himself. His twenty-four lectures on the history of civilization form an excellent and attractive compendium of the subject, with less of rash and questionable assertion than the writer's position and antecedents would have led us to expect.

Although K. F. Bahrdt § was one of the most worthless of men, and one of the very last to be entrusted with the education of youth, his theories on the subject were not unworthy of attention, and the history of his attempts to carry them out is amusing and instructive. Herr Leyser's pains in investigating the subject have therefore not been ill-bestowed, and he has produced an interesting little treatise.

Dr. Carl Aeby ||, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Basel, has enriched anthropological science with an important work. After seven years spent in measuring skulls, he comes forward to explode the accredited division of them into brachycephalic and dolichocephalic, which, he says, affords no criterion to distinguish between a Dutchman and a negro. His own system is constructed on strictly stenocephalic and eurycephalic principles; that is to say, he chiefly considers the breadth of the skull, which he finds to be least among the Congo negroes, and, with some remarkable exceptions and fluctuations, to increase regularly as we proceed north, until its maximum is attained among the Finns and Calmucks. Another portion of his work is devoted to the surmised relationship of men and monkeys, which he denies, holding that between these two there is a great gulf fixed. All these conclusions are supported by a great array of evidence derived from actual anatomical investigations. These may possibly be impugned, but there can be no doubt of the caution or the candour with which he has treated subjects so often handled in a spirit of arrogance and recklessness.

Dr. von Mörsner ¶ has made an analysis of all the treaties concluded by the Electors of Brandenburg during the seventeenth century. Their range is extensive, and shows how fully the Great Elector had succeeded in elevating his small but well-governed principality to an important rank in the councils of Europe. Twenty-six documents, hitherto entirely or partially unpublished, are printed in full.

What Dr. von Mörsner has done for the past, Dr. J. C. Glaser ** is effecting for the present by the publication of the official documents of the North-German Confederation. The utility of his undertaking is obvious; it is indeed indispensable to those who would acquire a thorough knowledge of German affairs.

Wolfgang Menzel's work on "The Frontiers of Germany" †† is highly characteristic of that eccentric and pungent writer, who may be called the Cobbett of his country. He is very angry with the French and Russians for wishing to absorb Germany between them; more angry still with the Bohemians and Hungarians, for declining to be absorbed by Germany; most angry of all with the Germans themselves, for not being as unscrupulous annexationists as their neighbours. There is much good sense as well as powerful rhetoric in the book; its crying sin is the author's contempt for the rights of all nationalities but his own. It is idle to complain of the proceedings of the Russians in Courland while the Prussians are still encamped in Danish Schleswig. One curious feature is the vast amount of historical, philological, geographical, and ethnological controversy which appears to have sprung up in connexion with these political disputes. The noble sciences in question have manifestly been largely falsified by one party or the other, and most probably by all.

* *Das Markusevangelium nach seinem Quellenwerthe für die evangelische Geschichte.* Von A. Klostermann. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Asher & Co.

† *Der Hebräerbrieft, erklärt.* Von F. Bleek. Herausgegeben von K. A. Windrath. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

‡ *Bildungsgeschichte der Menschheit.* Von L. Uhlich. Gotha: Stollberg-London: Asher & Co.

§ K. F. Bahrdt, sein Verhältniss zum Philanthropinismus und zur neuen Pädagogik. Von J. Leyser. Neustadt: Gottschick-Witter. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Die Schädelformen des Menschen und der Affen.* Von Dr. C. Aeby. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Kurbrandenburgs Staatsverträge von 1601 bis 1700.* Bearbeitet von T. von Mörsner. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

** *Archiv des Norddeutschen Bundes.* Herausgegeben von Dr. J. C. Glaser. Berlin: Korthampt. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Unsere Grenzen.* Von Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart: Kröner. London: Asher & Co.

The polemic tendency apparent in books like Herr Menzel's has passed into history, and the most notorious transactions are found to be susceptible of the most irreconcileable interpretations when the interests of a party are in question. This is in an eminent degree the case with the history of the wars of the French Revolution, so far as Germany is concerned. All German historians allow them to have formed an inglorious and humiliating episode of national history, but cannot agree whom to blame. Austrian writers tax Prussia with cowardice and imbecility, and their charges are amply retorted. Herr Hüffer* enters the field as a mediator. He considers that neither party was exclusively responsible, and that neither was so bad as the other represented it. These views are supported by a patient, and apparently a very impartial, examination of the unpublished archives of Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. It is beyond dispute that Austrians and Prussians were alike incapable of encountering the genius of Napoleon and the enthusiasm of the Revolution; but we see no ground for accusing either of perfidy, or for imagining that any other European State would at the time have succeeded better. Our own experience certainly does not warrant the conclusion that the Duke of York would have fared better than Marshal Wurmser. What was really infamous in the conduct of both was their behaviour, not during, but after, the conflict. They avenged their defeats upon their own allies, Austria annexing the Venetian Republic, and Prussia absorbing the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany. History records many transactions equally immoral, but few equally base.

Another instance of the importation of national jealousies into history is afforded by the controversy respecting John Huss now in debate between Palacky, the great Bohemian historian, and Dr. Constantin Höfler.† The revival of patriotic sentiment among the Czechs of Bohemia has naturally kindled a passionate interest in their national heroes, of whom John Huss was incomparably the most important. Catholic Bohemians regard him as a Savonarola, Protestants discern a closer analogy to Luther; but both concur in venerating his memory. The German inhabitants, however, always at feud with the Czechs, contemplate the prophet and martyr of the latter from a different point of view. Dr. Höfler has constituted himself their advocate, and has deliberately striven to write Huss down in a work the learning and ingenuity of which are acknowledged by his antagonist Palacky. He writes to some extent as a Roman Catholic controversialist, but far more as an opponent of the Czech nationality as represented in Huss's person. Palacky's reply is characterized by moderation and dignity. It would be impossible to pronounce on the controversy without a minute acquaintance with its somewhat obscure details. We conceive, however, that the world will be slow to erase Huss's name from its Pantheon without very convincing reasons. As to the comparative merits of the Germans and Slavonians, the real question in dispute, impartial judges will probably conclude that the Bohemians, having confessedly been a hundred years ahead of the Germans in religious matters, are not likely to have been a hundred years behind them in everything else. The controversy is interesting as a proof of the eager interest which Slavonians are learning to take in their national history and antiquities, and as one of many forerunners of the great impending contest of which the Austrian Empire may perhaps be the battlefield.

J. G. Kohl‡ acquired celebrity some years since by his travels in England, the United States, and Russia. One of the two volumes of his "Popular Lectures" is founded on reminiscences of these excursions. Time has told upon them, and the lack of novelty impairs both their attractiveness and their utility. They are, however, recommended by an agreeable style and considerable descriptive power; and English readers may derive some entertainment from a thinly veiled sketch of two distinguished countrymen—one an amateur of books, the other of beasts. The contents of the other volume are of a more miscellaneous character, but here, again, the writer's literary dexterity is more conspicuous than the value of the material on which it is employed.

A little book of travels in Switzerland and Italy § is even more threadbare than Herr Kohl's lecture in point of subject, and is decidedly inferior in literary merit. It is nevertheless pleasant reading, from the cheerful gaiety of the writer, in which the reader can hardly help participating, and which pleads excuse for sundry palpable faults of style and taste.

"Pictures from the Champ de Mars" || will serve to remind visitors of what they saw. They would be more amusing with less effort to amuse.

It would be dangerous to take for granted that the three sketches of "Modern Emperors" ¶ are in reality written by a "political agent," as they profess to be. At the same time there

* *Oestreich und Preussen gegenüber der französischen Revolution bis zum Abschluss des Friedens von Campo Formio.* Von H. Hüffer. Bonn: Marcus-London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Geschichte des Hussenthums und Prof. C. Höfler.* Von Franz Palacky. Prag: Tempsky. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Vom Markt und aus der Zelle. Populäre Vorträge und vermischt kleine Schriften.* Von J. G. Kohl. 2 Bde. Hanover: Rumpler. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Alpenzauber und Italische Gebilde.* Von H. Hölt. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Bilder vom Marsfeld.* Von M. Klapp. Troppau: Kolck. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Moderne Imperatoren. Diskretes und Indiskretes. Politische Erinnerungen eines politischen Agenten.* Köln: Abn. London: Asher & Co.

seems no positive ground for concluding that they are not, and there is a freshness and piquancy about some of the writer's anecdotes which may be thought to testify to their genuineness. He has least to say about the Emperor Napoleon; his impressions of Maximilian are fully confirmed by the recent publication of that unfortunate prince's writings. He describes Francis Joseph as a sovereign of no ordinary acquirements, acuteness, and practical ability, but as for the present completely paralysed by the breakdown of the system in which he had been trained to put his trust, and as drifting hopelessly, without reliance on himself or confidence in any of his Ministers.

"The Hanover of To-Day" professes to give, under the disguise of fiction, a faithful picture of public feeling in Hanover. If this could be accepted without reserve, the assimilation of Hanover and Prussia would seem to be very distant. The author, however, notwithstanding his professions of impartiality, is too manifestly a partisan to be implicitly trusted.

* Aus Hannovers Gegenwart. Eine politische Novelle. Von * * *. Leipzig : Kummer. London : Asher & Co.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—RUBINSTEIN'S First Performance on Tuesday, May 16, Quarter-past Three, with AUER, JACQUARD, Ries, Goroff, and Zerbini—Quartet, E flat; Mozart; Grand Trio, B flat; Beethoven; Quintet, B flat; Mendelssohn; Piano Solos, Rubinstein. Visitors, on giving their Names, can pay at the Hall; Lamborn, Cock & Co.; and Ashdown & Parry, Hanover Square.

J. ELLA, Director.

MAY 20.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S LAST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. Wednesday Evening, May 20, the Director's Benefit, St. James's Hall—Soloists, Miss Phillips, Miss Sandler, Mr. Sandler, Mr. Henry Biggmore, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, Arctic and Galatean Soloists, Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Family Ticket for Four, 30s.; Balcony, 2s. and 3s.; Area, 1s. and 2s.; Gallery, 1s.—At Austin's, St. James's Hall, and all Musicians'.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS take place in St. James's Hall, on May 22, 23, June 5, 12, 18, 25—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, no New Bond Street, and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS, on the Mornings of Thursday, May 23, June 11 and 25, in St. James's Hall, on which she will have the honour of performing the Eight Books of Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte, and with the work of Schubert's Piano Concerto, so as to include the whole Forty-eight "Lieder." The Programme of each Concert divided into Two Parts, Eight Lieder in each Part, with a Vocal Piece by Schubert to separate one group of Four Lieder from another. At the end of the First Part of each Programme, Madame Arabella Goddard will introduce one of the Posthumous Works. At the First Recital, a selection from the newly published "Pianoforte and Singers"; at the Second, the Grand Sonata in B flat, which was received with so much favour at the Monday Popular Concerts. Madame Arabella Goddard will play on one of Messrs. Broadwood & Sons' grand Concert Pianofortes. Reserved Seats for a Single Recital, 5s.; Subscription Tickets (Stalls) for the Three Recitals, 11s.; a Box for a single Recital, 15s.; Box for three Recitals, 30s.; Madame Arabella Goddard, at her Residence, 26 Upper Wigmore Street; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and of Mr. Austin, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

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ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING will be held at Burlington House, on Monday, May 25, at One p.m.

Sir R. I. MURCHISON, Bart., President, in the Chair. The DINNER will take place at Willis's Rooms, at half-past Six, on the same day. Dinner charge, One Guinea, payable at the Door; or Tickets, to be had at 15 Whitehall Place. The Friends of Members are admissible to the Dinner.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—FELLOWS are informed that the New Volume of the JOURNAL, Vol. XXXVII, is now ready, and may be obtained on application at the Apartments of the Society, 15 Whitehall Place, S.W.

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XUM

May 16, 1868.]

The Saturday Review.

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May 16, 1868.]

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